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### SHUTTING OUT CARE.

BY E. M.

We may open the door to our neighbors,
And open the door to our friends;
We may entertain guests at our table,
While friendship with courtesy blends.

We may gather our dear ones about us—
Our helpmeet and children so fair—
But let us forget not to banish
From the tender meetings, dull care.

It watches at doors and at windows;
It whistles through crannies and cracks;
It giveth the good man the headache;
It pinches and tortures and racks.

It sits down unasked at the table;
It crouches beside the down bed;
It takes all the brightness from slumber;
It takes all the sweetness from bread.

Of all things to make our lives happy,
Of all things to make our paths fair,
There is nothing from Home's cheerful fireside
So sacred like shutting out care.

# MARRED BY FATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC.

### CHAPTER IX.

RAVENHURST carried Jess to the bank, and, laying her head on the grass, supported her head upon his knee.

He had seen women faint before, and he was not alarmed about her, as he looked down with a strong man's pity, and a young man's admiration, at the white face, which looked like that of a marble statue.

She was certainly very lovely, with her long lashes fully defined against the pale cheeks, the dark hair clustering in little wavy curls on the low brow; the slight frown of the level brows even added a certain charm to the face, which seemed to him like an exquisitely beautiful orchid as, with his arm around her, he held her against his heart.

There was plenty of water, in all conscience, and he moistened his handkerchief against the dripping wet of her skirts, and dabbed her brow, and fanned her with his cap, in the approved style.

Presently she shuddered slightly, drew a long painful breath, and, opening her eyes, looked up into his face—at first, vacantly, and then, with a more pronounced frown, and a troubled questioning.

"Where am I? What has happened?" she said, in the faint tones of returning consciousness.

"It's all right!" he said gently. "I give you my word it's all right. You are quite safe!"

"Ah! I remember!" she said, with another sigh; and she closed her eyes again for a moment.

On re-opening them, she saw where she was, and her whole face was stained with crimson as she essayed to draw away from him, and rise.

"Keep still a moment or two," he said. "Don't attempt to move yet; you'll find you're too weak. I know what it feels like. I once got a crack on the head with a sabre, and went off just like this. I wish I had the flask," he added, to himself.

Jess lay still for a moment; then disengaged herself, and rose. She was trembling now; but she looked down at him with a wan smile.

"I can't understand it!" she said, ruefully, and a little shamefacedly. "I never fainted before in my life." She spoke as if she were at least fifty. "And I don't know what—what foolishness came over me up there! It doesn't look so high from here."

She glanced at the ledge on which she had stood, and the ash to which she had clung, with an injured expression, which almost made Ravenhurst smile. "Why couldn't I climb back, or—or drop into the water?"

"You lost your head," he said; "and it's a good thing you didn't drop. You would probably have fallen face downwards into the water—and it's a nasty pool. I'm thankful I happened to be here."

"I ought to say that," she said, glancing at him, and looking away from him again, with a shyness new to Jess. "I seem fated to—to be a trouble and a nuisance to you, Lord Ravenhurst!"

"I seem happily fated to be of some slight service to you—let's put it that way," he retorted. "I wish I'd come up a little earlier; before you quite lost your nerve. I could have climbed up and got round to you, and helped you up, and so saved you the scare. As it is, you are rather wet."

He was still on his knees, and he took the edge of her skirt, and began to wring the water out of it.

"Don't trouble—please don't!" she said.

But he went on with the delicate operation, performing it, indeed, very gently and delicately.

She looked down at him, remorsefully, abstractedly.

"You must be very strong," she remarked almost to herself.

"Why?" he asked without looking up.

"To catch me—standing as you were in water—without falling."

"You are no great weight," he said. "It wasn't likely I should let you drop."

"What an idiot I must seem to you!" she said, with a little frown, and a tightening of the lips.

"Not at all!" he responded. "Most women would have lost their heads if they had been stuck up there and unable to move; and the water below made you giddy."

"I am a coward!" she said, gloomily. "I always flattered myself that—that I had some pluck; but I'm just a coward!"

"Please don't call yourself names that you don't deserve," he said, as if he felt himself personally injured. "I tell you that nine women out of ten, ninety-nine out of a hundred, would have chucked up the sponge."

"And fainted?" she said, with fine self-scorn. "I don't believe it! Please don't do that any more! You make me think I'm—I'm at the wash!" She laughed a little, half-amused, half-annoyed laugh.

"It will be dry before you get home," he remarked, completing his wringing in a systematic way. "It's ever so much better than getting wet through. Nobody would know that you had got into a scrape, unless you told them."

She thought of the creased condition of her skirt, of her wet boots, of her ruffled hair, and smiled to herself at his masculine ignorance.

"My father——" she began, then stopped as he looked up at her gravely.

"I don't think I should tell Mr. Newton if I were you," he said quietly. "You will only alarm and upset him, for no sufficient reason; and every time you go out alone he will think you are slipping down precipices, or being run over, or drowned. See?"

She bit her lip.

"I see," she said, looking away. "No, I will not tell him. I am all right, and—and, as you say, he will be alarmed and upset, and always nervous and anxious about me, for the future."

"Just so," he assented.

"And yet he ought to thank you, Lord Ravenhurst, for—for saving my life."

He sprang to his feet and looked at her in an aggrieved way.

"Ah, I see you can't forgive me," he remarked, in an injured and resigned way.

"Why, what have I said?"

"Or you wouldn't chaff me," he replied. "You know perfectly well I haven't 'saved your life.' I wish I had! The only thing I've managed to do is to save you from a wetting, and I did that clumsily enough. Saved your life! Oh, lord!"

"You didn't do it clumsily!" said Jess, warmly. "You did it very cleverly, and strongly, and—and—Oh, I am full of gratitude for the mere fact of your being there at all! It was so—so," she shuddered, and tried to hide the shudder with a laugh, "so lonely! And I was so ridiculously helpless, and the world seemed slipping away from me! Grateful! I wish I could make you understand how I feel, but I couldn't if I tried. I'll go home now, Lord Ravenhurst."

"May I go with you as far as the bridge?" he asked, humbly.

She flushed.

"Do you think I am going to faint again!"

"Not a bit of it," he replied, promptly.

"Besides, I am spoiling your fishing."

He didn't smile or tell her that she had done that already, that she had alarmed into fits every trout and salmon for the next mile.

"I've done," he said. "I was just upon turning it up when I saw you."

"Very well; if you are sure."

"I am quite sure. Would you like to see my fish?"

He opened the big basket and showed her one or two trout and a young salmon; pointed out their beauties; showed her the flies; pointed out the spots where the fish were likely to be; and Jess, gravely interested, and little guessing he was doing it all to woo her mind from dwelling on her accident, peered into the basket and the fly-book; her head very near him, so near that he could feel her breath—coming, even enough now—upon his cheek.

"You must take to fishing," he said, as he smiled to himself at the success of his effort to divert her mind. "It is a first-class sport for ladies. I see you have gone in for driving."

Jess nodded brightly.

"Yes! It is delightful!"

"Yes, there's only one thing that beats it—riding," he said.

Jess looked at him with eager eyes and parted lips. "I should like that!"

He nodded.

"I am sure you would; and I'm certain you'd make a good horsewoman."

"Why? Because I faint if I happen to find myself a few feet above level ground?" she asked, with self-pointed sarcasm.

"You're just the figure," he said. "And you've plenty of pluck. I saw that even when—well, when you were at your worst."

"I was as white as a sheet of paper, and trembled like a leaf. That won't do, Lord Ravenhurst!"

"Yes, but you smiled through it all. But we won't talk about that any more. Mr. Newton ought to get you a horse—a good, quiet animal. I know of one that would suit you down to the ground, and I——"

"Oh, thank you," said Jess. "But what were you going to say? You stopped short."

"Well," he said, looking straight before him, "I was forgetting myself. I was forgetting that you hadn't forgiven me for my idiotic blunder the other night. I beg your pardon."

Jess colored and caught her lip in her teeth.

"I have forgiven you," she said, quietly, then she laughed. "It would be too ridiculous to have borne resentment for such a small thing."

"Small! It was gigantic!"

"Against a person who has——"

"Stop, please!" he broke in. "Don't—for goodness' sake, don't repeat that about saving your life. I couldn't stand it. And—and, look here, Miss Newton, if you think I'm trading on this slight service I've been lucky enough to do you, for the purpose of gaining your forgiveness and friendship, why, well, much as I value them, I—yes, by George!—I'd rather not have them! It would be playing it too low down for anything.

"No, no!" she said, quickly, as she glanced at his face, which looked rather grim and stern. "I never suspected, never imagined, that you meant to take advantage. I do—why, I had forgiven you already! I couldn't help it! You"—a smile flashed in her eyes; "you were so completely cut up and annihilated by your mistake, the other night."

"I should think so," he said, ruefully. "Put yourself in my place! There was I talking to a young lady I admired above everything; I mean a young lady who was the pink of perfection—I beg your pardon—I mean you were just the opposite of the picture I'd drawn of you, and—Oh, I'm a bad hand at explaining. But you know what I mean!"

Jess thought he had done it rather well—too well. "A young girl he admired! The pink of perfection," not bad. A gleam of mischief shone in her eyes, and she laughed.

"We won't say any more about it, please!" she said, with a girlish little dignity.

"I'm forgiven, and we're friends then?" he said, and he turned to her with a light on his face, and an expression in his eyes which was extremely eloquent.

"Yes."

"Then—do you mind shaking hands on it? We men have pretty nearly given up shaking hands, but we always do so when we strike a bargain of this kind, when we are making up a quarrel like ours. Will you shake hands with me?"

Jess held out her hand, and he took and gripped it, and, with the Cisnamere recklessness and dare-devil, raised it to his lips.

Jess crimsoned.

"You said 'shake,' Lord Ravenhurst!" she said rebukingly.

"I know! Forgive me! It was just by way of showing my gratitude."

"Here is the bridge," said Jess, ignoring his explanation. "You will go back now and catch some more fish."

"I'll go anywhere you tell me; if you won't let me come any further."

Jess shook her head. He held out his hand.

"Then it's good-morning!" he said, reluctantly.

Jess dropped him the little, stately courtesy acquired at Minerva House. "We've shaken hands already, you know!" she said, demurely. "Good-morning, Lord Ravenhurst, and thank you," she waited until he had got out of reach—"for saving my life!"

He shook his head at her accusingly, then called out—

"Miss Newton!"

"Well?" she called back, and her sweet young voice rang out like a thrush's on the summer air.

"I was going to say that, if Mr. Newton will permit me, I shall be very glad to

give you a lesson or two in horsemanship."

"Thank you—oh, thank you. I'll see!" she said in response, and was gone.

He stood watching her slim graceful figure going along the road swiftly, airily; then he turned back to the river, threw himself on the bank and felt for his pipe. But that had gone down stream miles and miles by this time, and he could not bring tobacco to help him realise what had happened to him.

And what had happened? What was it that set his heart beating as it had never beat before; made the blood dance along his veins with an electric thrill, as it had never yet danced?

He looked down at his waistcoat, against which her head had lain, and seemed to feel it there still, the touch of her cold cheek lingered yet upon his sunburnt one. Her voice rang in his ears, not loudly, but softly, sweetly, like music heard in a dream.

He caught himself recalling with a subtle delight, the fashion in which the dark hair broke in soft ripples upon her forehead, the trick of her straightening brows, the smile that flashed in her eyes and gave a delicious, bewitching maddening curve to the soft, red lips

Great Aunt! he, Bruce Ravenhurst—could not have fallen in love with a bit of a school girl!

A girl who was outside the pale of his "set;" a girl as innocent and unsophisticated as—as a dairymaid; a girl as unlike any of the cultured women he knew as a cowslip is unlike an exotic!

It couldn't be possible! And yet! Why, he found himself all aglow with delight because this little school girl had forgiven him, and made friends with him; and wondering whether—whether there was anything between her and that fellow, Frank Ford.

He got up at last, and tramped home to the Castle.

Benson, the steward, was just coming out of the library, and seemed inclined to stop and talk, but Ravenhurst only said, "How are you, Benson?" and passed on.

It jarred upon him, that the man should have dared to make his cold-blooded suggestion; as if Jess Newton would be glad to marry him, would be ready to accept him!

The earl was in the library, and looked up with a nod and a smile.

"Any sport, Bruce?"

"Oh, so so, sir," said Ravenhurst,

"My dear boy, how wet you are!"

"So I am! I forgot. I'll go and change."

"You never catch cold, Bruce! You never wear waders."

"No, never catch cold, sir," he assented, staring out of the window.

"Benson's been here. Good fellow, Benson, but—but rather trying. He appears to think that there is some benefit to be derived by informing me, say, three times a week, that we are on the verge of ruin. He was especially Cassandra-like this morning; I suppose, because I told him that his suggestion of a match between you and Miss—what is her name!—Newton, was not to be entertained."

Ravenhurst frowned darkly.

"Confound the fellow!" he said, almost under his breath. "I wish he wouldn't interfere." He paused a moment, then he said: "I've seen Miss Newton this morning, and—well, we are friends!"

"I'm glad," said the earl. He was watching his son's face with courteous curiosity, and was too well-bred to demand an explanation, or anything more than Ravenhurst felt inclined to give.

"Yes." He paused again; then, "I think you might as well call upon Mr. Newton, sir. I fancy you'd like him."

"Certainly," said the earl, blandly and casually, as if there were nothing whatever behind the suggestion. "I will call to morrow. Will you go with me, Bruce?"

"I think not, sir. Yes, I'm spoiling the carpet; I'll go and change."

Jess walked home quickly, and ran up stairs. Perhaps it was because she was a little out of breath that her face was flushed with a color that seemed to burn her.

Perhaps, too, it was because she was still a little shaken by her fright that her hands trembled as she took off the creased and draggled skirt.

She went to the glass, and looked into it; turned her face sideways and gazed at the cheek, which—which—had she only fancied, dreamt it in the moment when consciousness was slipping from her, or had he pressed her cheek against his?

The question, no doubt, made her heart beat with quite a wild commotion, and, presently, as if she wanted to get away from the accusation in her own eyes, the faint, vague, maidenly shame which harrassed her in the thought that she had rested in his arms, that her head had lain upon his heart, she threw herself upon the bed and hid her face in the pillow.

She had said that she was fated to be a trouble, a nuisance to him, and he had said that he was fated to be of service to her. Was it Fate?

Why should they two be thrown together in this way? Why had it not been a keeper, a farmer, anyone but Lord Ravenhurst, who had come to her assistance, to "save her life."

He had repudiated the phrase contemptuously, indignantly, but lying there, hiding her burning face, she knew that she might very easily have been drowned if she had fallen, that he had, indeed, in very truth, saved her from death.

The stoutest heart might have been moved by this reflection; and the heart that was throbbing so wildly—and yet—and yet—with such strange, vague happiness in Jess' bosom, was anything but stormy.

The touch of his cheek against hers, the kiss on her hand, were there still; and like the bird who hears the approaching footsteps of the fowler, she was fluttering with that sense of fear which is the first phase of every girl's love.

## CHAPTER X.

THE following afternoon, as tea was being taken into the drawing room at the Grange, Jess, who happened to be at the open window, saw a carriage coming up the drive.

It was an extremely quiet brougham, not unlike a doctor's, but the horse was a fine one, and the coachman and footman were "of the best."

"Who is this, father?" she asked, quickly.

Mr. Newton came to the window and recognized the Clansmere livery.

"It is the Castle carriage," he said, quietly, and with a slight frown.

A moment or two afterwards a servant announced the Earl of Clansmere.

Mr. Newton was too self-possessed to show his astonishment, but he looked rather grim as the stately old man entered the room.

The newness of the place, the glaring red bricks, the too gorgeous flower beds, the shining splendor of the hall, and over-ornamented drawing room actually hurt his eyeballs; but he wore his fine smile, and his voice was musical and friendly to a degree as he bent over Jess' hand and shook her father's.

"My first work, Mr. Newton, must be one of apology," he said. "I ought to have presented myself before this; and, indeed I have long wished to do so, but—alas! Miss Newton, that I should have to confess it!—I am an old man, and I spend a great deal of the time that is left to me fighting an insidious and implacable foe—gout. I beg you to accept my excuses, and to be assured that I have seized the first opportunity since my last attack to pay my respects to you."

The words, the soft and gentle tones of the bland voice were conciliation itself, and Mr. Newton, who had intended to meet this aristocratic visitor, with a cold and unbending front, melted somewhat, and something approaching a smile softened his hard, keen face as he drew a chair forward.

The earl sank into it, and, leaning on his substantial, gold-knobbed stick, smiled at Jess with that deferential expression, that fine, indescribable air of reverence for youth and beauty which the men of his time and school cultivated to perfection, but which the modern gentleman appears to regard as not worth learning.

Her beauty and grace struck him at once, just as it struck Ravenhurst, and he was inwardly amazed that so rare and delicate a flower should have grown upon so rugged a stem as her father, and still more astonished that it should blossom so sweetly amidst its gaudy, garish surrounding.

The room hurt him, actually hurt him, and it was a relief to look at the slim, graceful girl.

"You have made the Grange a palace of delight, Mr. Newton," he said, uttering the courteous falsehood with the accents of truth itself.

"It is some years since my last visit, and the changes are most—er—striking. I hope you like your house now you have improved it; and that you like Ravenhurst also, Miss Newton."

Jess had not spoken as yet, and, though he looked smilingly serene and peacefully bland, he was anxious, terribly anxious, about her voice.

He knew, with the far reaching knowledge of a man of the world, that it is the voice that tells the tale.

Some of the most beautiful and refined women he had met—women who, while they remained silent, might have passed as ladies of birth and breeding—had, the moment they opened their lips, discovered the lack of both. So he waited anxiously, while smiling kindly and differentially.

Jess was a little nervous. Was it to be wondered at? This old man was an earl, one of the exalted of the earth—and he was also Lord Ravenhurst's father.

"I like both very well——" She paused a moment, asking herself whether she should say "my lord," but went on with "Lord Clansmere. Ravenhurst is the prettiest place I have ever seen—imagined, rather, for I have seen very few country places."

The earl drew a long breath of relief behind his long, snow white hand. Thank Heaven the voice was all right. Where had she got it?

"I am delighted to hear you say so," he said; "and I hope your liking may grow into affection. I, too, am very fond of the place. I was born here, and I have a greater affection for it than any other. I hear you have bought the Spinney Lands?" he said, turning to Mr. Newton.

"I hope you are going to preserve. There used to be good sport over the Spinney, but it has been neglected for some years past. I used to shoot over it as a boy."

"I am going to try to make it worth your shooting over it again," said Mr. Newton. "And I hope that you will say I have succeeded."

The earl bowed slightly, but shook his head and sighed.

"Thank you! That is very kind of you; but I have not had a gun in my hand for longer than I care to remember. But perhaps you will be good enough to transfer your generous offer to my son. I think you have met him, Miss Newton?"

The tea was brought in at this moment; and Jess bent over the cup and saucer, hoping to conceal the slight color that rose to her face, but she was sitting full in the light, and the earl saw it and smiled—to himself.

"Yes," said Jess, only, as she poured him out his tea.

The earl glanced at her hands, and drew another breath of relief. Then he set himself to charm both father and daughter. He did not "gush," he did not flatter, he did not, indeed, seem to say very much—after he had gone, Jess tried to remember what he had said, and could recall nothing in particular, but before a quarter of an hour had passed she felt as if she had known him for years, and Mr. Newton found himself talking of Africa, and his own affairs, with a freedom which astonished him- afterwards.

Once Jess caught herself laughing at some piece of delicate wit which seemed to flow from the old world lips so easily, so smoothly, and yet so effectively, and the earl, as he heard the musical ripple which had haunted his son, nodded and smiled to himself again.

At last the garish, over-gilt room "got on his nerves," and he rose.

"I wonder whether I may so far presume on so short an acquaintance, as to ask you to show me your flowers, Miss Newton?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" said Jess. And she sprang up, not ungracefully, but with girlish alacrity.

"Are you not afraid for your complexion?" he asked, as they went into the bright sunlight. "You have no hat. May I go back for a sunshade—I saw one in the hall, I think?"

Jess laughed.

"Oh no, thanks! I could not let you take so much trouble. Besides, I like the sun, and I don't care anything about my complexion. I never thought of it."

He smiled at her with narrowed eyes. "There is plenty of time for that!" he said.

"What magnificent flowers you have!" he murmured, as he looked round with an air of admiration, though the masses of colors standing out unrelieved in the fierce light dazzled and pained him.

"We can get nothing like them (thank Heaven!) at the Castle. You must have a clever gardener! Or, perhaps you are the presiding genius of this fair scene! I can well believe it—and that would explain your success."

"No," said Jess. "Sometimes I 'potter about,' as the gardener says, with a pair of scissors or a rake; but he doesn't like it, and lets me see quite plainly that he does not. He was quite angry the other day because I picked too many roses.

The earl laughed.

"They are all alike," he said. "I often think that one's servants ought to pay one the wages they receive, for, really, they are the actual masters.

"I'm quite sure that I couldn't get a flower or a bunch of grapes, or the carriage, if the gardner or the groom didn't wish me to have them. But that's because I'm always so polite and meek with them.

"Now, Ravenhurst gets everything he wants at a moment's notice, and he is—well, he has been in the army, you know, and these soldiers are firmly convinced that the earth and everyone upon it was created for their special benefit; and he is never meek, and sometimes rather—well, rather impatient.

"I have often attempted to adopt his method; but I haven't the courage. I am a dreadful coward, Miss Newton."

Jess bent over a rose-bush while he was describing Lord Ravenhurst's method, and the earl, with an inward chuckle, saw the faint blush again.

"Your man ought not to begrudge you the flowers," he said. "There are so many."

"Yes," said Jess. She looked round critically. "Sometimes I think there are too many. Wouldn't it be better if there were some more shrubs, some kind of screen and shelter from the sun?"

"Good girl!" he thought, but aloud he said blandly: "W—ell—perhaps—y—es; but it is very magnificent."

He turned to Mr. Newton, who was walking beside him, wondering how it was that Jess could be so self-possessed, so completely at her ease with the great man.

"I am afraid you will think the Castle gardens very poor and dowdy, Mr. Newton; and may I express the hope that you will give us the great pleasure of seeing you soon? I am an old man—I fear that I have said that before—and I am rather impatient of the delays which etiquette prescribes in forming a friendship. Now, will you waive all ceremony, and bring Miss Newton to dine with us? Shall we say on Thursday?

"Please forgive me for asking you now, instead of sending the usual missive! To be quite candid—do you admire candor, Miss Newton? I am the most candid of men!—I am anxious to carry your acceptation away with me."

Mr. Newton's face squared, and he looked rather grim and uncertain. He glanced at Jess, and saw the pleased and expectant light that shone in her eyes, and his hesitation gave way.

"Thank you, Lord Clansmere; we shall be very pleased. You have no engagement, Jess?"

"No, oh, no!" she said.

"This is kind of you," murmured the earl, bending his head before her as if she had just bestowed, say, half a kingdom upon him.

"At eight o'clock. I shall look forward to the hour, Miss Newton. You are my nearest neighbors, you know, and an old man is grateful for new friends, especially"—with another bow and the most charming of his Chesterfieldian smiles—"when they are charming!"

As they walked towards the brougham he said:

"My son would have accompanied me this afternoon, but he had an engagement. He was very much disappointed, and begged me to wait: but I could not do so, and I reap the reward of my selfishness in finding you at home."

Jess smiled demurely, and the mischievous dimple lit up her eyes. The earl saw it, and he laughed.

"What have I said! Ah, I see! It sounds as if I were sorry that you were at home! I am a terrible blunderer, Miss Newton, but you will put my stupid sentence right for me, will you not, or I shall go away very unhappy indeed—indeed I shall!"

"Quick and intelligent as well," he said to himself as he got into his brougham and was driven away—his fine, silvery-haired head uncovered until Jess had turned away. The brougham overtook Ravenhurst as he was walking up the drive, and the earl pulled the check string and got out.

"I should like to walk up to the house," he said, pleasantly, "if you will give me your arm."

Ravenhurst glanced at him, and saw that his visit had been a success; but he said nothing, not even "Well?" and the earl did not rush at his subject, but stood and looked at one of the elms, and remarked, "I really think that ought to come down, Bruce," before he said, "I have just been up to the Grange, and I think we ought to congratulate ourselves upon our

new neighbors. Mr. Newton will be an acquisition.

"He is a wonderfully well-informed man, with a remarkable countenance. I am not surprised at his making a fortune. One of the men of the day, Bruce; of this our strangely practical times.

"Self-possessed, full of determination, and with conspicuous self-respect; a man of character, of decided character. It is the age for men of that stamp——"

"Did you see Miss Newton?" broke in Lord Ravenhurst.

The earl smiled to himself, as he had smiled in the Grange drawing room.

"Yes, oh yes; and really, Bruce, I must say that a more charming girl I have never met!"

Ravenhurst struck at a weed with his stick.

"So frank and un-selfconscious, so graceful and refined! I say nothing of her beauty—and really, she is a lovely girl—for, as you know, I count the qualities I have mentioned above mere regularity of feature.

"Yes, she is most charming! Frankly I am surprised! One does not expect the daughter of a self-made man to be possessed of such attributes as those which adorn this young lady.

"Frankly—again—I should consider any man—mark me, Bruce, I say any man—who can win her for his wife, extremely fortunate."

Ravenhurst looked straight before him.

"And how did they receive you, sir?"

"Well," the earl laughed softly. "At first rather stiffly. The father was a little on his dignity: If he had been alone, I am afraid I should have had some difficulty in melting him."

"It is evident that he does not like our class. Recognises the difference, the gulf, and all that."

"But money bridges it, doesn't it, Bruce? Yes, if he had been alone! But the girl made it easy. Thank Heaven, one can always get on with the women! And she was so—easy; she is so young, so innocent, so frank, ha!" he sighed, laughingly, "I declare, I wished myself forty years younger! You see, my dear Bruce, that I have fallen in love with her! She is so beautiful, so graceful; her voice is music, her pose—all unconscious, mark you—so graceful; in fact——"

"I am rather glad you are not forty years younger, sir," said Bruce, with a grim smile.

The earl glanced at him.

"Good! I could not have said anything better myself. My dear Bruce, I am glad you have made up your mind! And now, I wonder whether it is fair to tell tales out of school! Well, I'll risk it. My dear Bruce, this perfection of girlhood blushed when I mentioned your name!"

Ravenhurst frowned. It seemed almost indelicate, even in his father's softly musical voice.

The earl saw that he had jarred, and instantly changed the subject.

They were very silent at dinner that night, but though he did not talk much, Ravenhurst allowed the butler to fill his wine glass rather frequently, and after dinner he went on to the terrace and smoked a cigar, staring intently before him; and rather late for the earl, he knocked at his father's door.

The valet made to go, but Ravenhurst stopped him with a gesture.

"I only came to tell you that I shall have to go to town, sir," he said.

"Really? I am sorry. Must you?"

"Yes. I want to get my hair cut," said Ravenhurst.

The earl nodded, as if this were quite sufficient excuse. "By the way, Bruce, the Newtons dine here on Thursday."

"Very well; I shall be back in time," was the quiet response. "Good night, sir."

Lord Ravenhurst went up to town next day; dined at his club, and after dinner—declining alluring invitations to pool and baccarat—got into a hansom, and told the man to drive to 86 Gardenia street, Chelsea.

Gardenia street is a would-be-fashionable thoroughfare, leading from a really fashionable square.

It is a quiet street, with a row of houses all exactly alike on either side, and an air of Bohemianism which is indefinable and hard to describe.

Now and again quiet—very quiet—carriages stop at some of the doors, and well-dressed — too well-dressed — ladies pass from them into the small and "genteel" houses.

In such streets live the actor, the needy barrister, the young and struggling doctor, the fashionable modiste.

All day long the costermonger yells his wares, at night the paper boy utters his shriek down its long length, it is the street of the lower "middle class," and it has a character which is all its own.

Just before Ravenhurst's hansom pulled up with a jerk at No. 86, a lady and gentleman were seated in the tiny drawing room of the house; or, rather, she was lying on a lounge, and he was lounging in a chair near her.

The small room was furnished in a would-be artistic fashion. The walls were covered with a sea-green paper with yellow flowers, the like of which no botanist has seen, the furniture was covered with an artistic cretonne, there was a piano in imitation sandal wood, cabinets of imitation ebony stood in three of the corners, a cheap screen rounded—or squared—the fourth.

Cheap Japanese plates—those you buy for fourpence halfpenny—hung on the walls between lithographs and oleos.

The carpet was an inexpensive, but gaudy product of the Indian loom; imitation ferns filled the fireplace; a strong deor of patchouli fought vigorously with the perfume of doubtful cigarettes and—and—and—gin; for, with a blush be it stated, a glass of that fascinating but plebeian spirit stood on the table beside the couch.

The lady who reclined thereon was approaching middle age. She was—one has to hunt for the word to describe her—she was superb.

A beautifully-made woman, with still supple figure, with a handsome face of regular features, with bronze—auburn—gold-tinted hair, and large, languorous eyes, and, also, large, languorous mouth. Between ourselves, the hair was dyed, and the milk and rose complexion was—was removable at pleasure. She was smoking one of the doubtful cigarettes, as was also her companion.

He was a young man, with fair, almost colorless hair, and slate gray eyes. A pale young man, with an unhealthy pallor; his lips were thin and shrewd—cunning is perhaps the better adjective, and the same expression applies to the faint colored eyes.

He, too, had a glass of gin and water beside him, and as he sipped it and smoked his cigarette he looked sideways—he had a trick of looking sideways—at the superb lady on the couch.

"You say that he hasn't been here lately, Poll?"

"No. I wish you wouldn't call me 'Poll.' Can't you remember that I'm Deborah?'

The man laughed—a thin, cunning kind of laugh, which had no merriment in it, only cynical, contemptuous self-conceit.

"Deborah was your stage name; you've left the stage, you know."

"All the same, I like Deborah, and I'll trouble you to call me by it, 'Enery."

'Enery smiled.

"All right; it doesn't signify. And he hasn't been here lately?"

"No," assented the lady who desired the name of Deborah. "I can't think what has become of him. He used to be here almost every day in the week; but I haven't seen him for—oh! quite a fortnight."

"Cooling off, perhaps?" suggested 'Enery.

The lady looked at him angrily.

"Nothing of the kind. He was as—as nice as could be the last time he was here. I expect he has gone down to see his father, the earl, at one of his places."

"Ah!" said the young man, blowing a cloud of the not too fragrant smoke from his cigarette. "Suppose he ain't? Suppose he's got tired—men of his sort do, you know. Suppose he don't turn up? They've a trick at doing that, you know. Where are you then, Polly—I mean Deborah?"

"He won't," she said, with lazy confidence.

"He ain't like the rest—he's a man of honor!"

Mr. Henry Glave sneered behind the cigarette.

"He wouldn't break with me without giving me notice."

"And if he should break with you? It's possible, you know. He's got to marry, sooner or later—in fact, he's bound to."

The lady looked up viciously.

"Let him try it on! I've got letters—letters, do you hear! He's promised me marriage—oh! it's all very well for you to sit there, sneering! I tell you that he's promised me marriage, square and honorable.

"But it's all right. He wouldn't leave me without a word—an explanation. I tell you he's different to most. I never knew him tell a lie to try and make out a thing—as you would do—ever since I knew him."

"If he breaks it off, he ought to do something handsome for you," remarked Mr. Glave, thoughtfully. "You gave up the stage to please him."

"And because I was a rank failure," put in the lady, reaching for her gin and water.

"Who can say? You might have caught on. You can't tell. Anyway——"

"What's that?" broke in the lady. "A cab! It's stopped here, too. That's his voice! Here, go into the next room!" She slid off the couch, and pointed to a curtained doorway. "And take these glasses with you!"

Mr. Glave snatched up the glasses and disappeared as the lady arranged herself on the couch in her most graceful attitude, with the cigarette still between her full—too full—lips.

The door opened, and Lord Ravenhurst entered.

"Oh! it's you, is it?" she said, with a yawn which showed the even, but rather large, teeth. "You've come, at last."

"Yes, I've come, Deborah," he said, gravely.

## CHAPTER XI.

"YES, I've come at last, Deborah," said Lord Ravenhurst, as he took the hand she held out and kissed it. Then he looked round the room. He had been there a great many times before, but, strange to say, its cheapness, its vulgarity, had never jarred upon him as they did to-night; there had always been an odor of patchouli about the apartment, it had never seemed so conspicuous as now; the pungent perfume got upon his nerves and vaguely irritated and oppressed him.

As he looked round the room, he wondered why it was so cheaply and hideously furnished, and what the lady who owned it did with the large sum of money which he had placed at her disposal.

And, as he glanced at the lady herself, he was struck, almost for the first time, with the fact that, though she was handsome and superb, her hair was dyed and her complexion one of art.

In simple truth, Bruce Ravenhurst's eyes had suddenly become open. It was as if a veil had been torn aside and he was able to see the woman in her true character.

And this miracle had been wrought by Jess! At that moment her face floated before him—the sweet, girlish face, with the pure, innocent eyes, and he contrasted it with the face of the painted lady on the couch; he heard Jess' frank, clear tones, full of girlish self-unconsciousness, and he contrasted them with the artificial, underbred voice of Deborah."

At that moment he ask himself, with wonder and self-contempt, how he could ever have imagined himself to be in love with her. For he had so imagined.

He had met her at a fast supper party some years ago. At that time there had not been so much need for powder and paint; she was in the zenith of her beauty, a magnificent creature, full of life and spirits, and he had been smitten by her charms.

She was on the stage, then; not doing very much, and with little promise of winning a name, and she had availed herself of his fancy for her to leave the garish lights of the theatre and throw up her profession.

He was young and reckless, and no excuse can be made for him, no attempt to palliate a folly which, sooner or later, brings its punishment.

Experience is a bitter school, but the young and the foolish will learn in no other; Ravenhurst was just beginning to learn the lesson; and as he thought of Jess, and the love for her which had sprung up in his bosom, and was growing like an exquisite and delicate flower, he felt that the lesson was very bitter indeed.

He knew that he must break with Deborah, and he might have broken with her as many other men have snapped these dangerous chains—by a letter or a message; but, with all his faults, and, alas! they were many, Ravenhurst was a man of honor, and not cold-hearted.

In this case his honor stood rooted in dishonor, and he had come to tell her, face to face, that they must part, instead of writing her a letter, as a less brave man would have done.

"Where have you been?" she asked. "Won't you have a cigarette? There's some champagne on the sideboard; it's one of the last bottles."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# Bric-a-Brac.

BLACK AND WHITE.—The children of the blackest Africans are born whitish. In a month they become pale yellow, in a year, brown, at four dirty black, at six or seven a glossy black. The change is in the membrane below the cuticle.

THE CRANE.—The crane is considered to be the most cunning of all birds. It stations itself quietly by a pool, apparently absorbed in meditating, till it sees a fish to dart upon. So the word "crane" has become synonymous with hypocrite, traitor, etc., in the ancient and modern languages of India.

WHENCE IT CAME.—The straw manufacture owes its introduction into England to Mary Queen of Scots, who, on quitting France, was so struck with the making of straw plait by the women and children of Lorraine that she persuaded a number of these folk to come over to England with her, in the hope that the peasantry might be able to learn the art. From their arrival in 1561 the plaiters had but sorry times, until James I. established the colony in the Luton district, where thousands are now engaged in this great industry.

EARLY SPECIALISTS.—Specialists in ancient Rome seem to have been as numerous as they are in our own time, and women-doctors were also permitted to practise in medicine and obstetrics. Various ancient inscriptions referring to eye and ear specialists and their various instruments, and the seals affixed to their patent medicines, still exist. Dentists appear to have flourished, and six skulls were recently discovered in an old tomb with teeth fixed with gold as in the modern American teeth systems. One of the false teeth was a horse's tooth cut down to fit the human mouth.

ANIMALS AND EARTHQUAKES.—Inhabitants of lands subject to earthquakes believe that they can tell when a shock is going to happen by feeling unusually depressed and languid. But the effect of a coming quake is even more marked in animals. In Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, dogs, cats, and jerboas get very restless. Just before the first shock in the Riviera in February, 1887, a groom noticed how fidgety his horses were, laying back their ears and declining to be calmed; Sea-birds have been seen flying inland before a severe shock in Chili, while dogs have bolted in hot haste from a Mexican town, as if eager to escape from falling ruins and a too early grave.

WHEN WATER FREEZES.—Water is one of the few things that expand in passing from the liquid to the solid state. That is why the water pipes burst in severe frost, though, as we are not aware of the burst until the thaw comes, most folk think it is the thaw that does the mischief. It is a good thing, however, that water expands when it freezes, for if it did not, the world would soon come to an end so far as you and I are concerned. Just see what would happen in that event. As the surface water froze it would get heavier and sink, the lighter water from below would then go on until the whole sea became a mass of ice which the sun could not possibly melt. Only think of such a state of things as that. But what really happens? After it has been cooled down to a certain point water, instead of shrinking and so getting heavier, expands, and therefore, growing lighter, remains and forms a crust of ice on the top.

NEEDLES.—The needle is one of the most ancient instruments of which we have any record. The first account that history gives of the manufacture of needles is that they were made at Nuremburg in 1730; and, while the date of their first manufacture in England is in doubt, it is said to have commenced in that country about 1543 or 1545, and it is asserted that the art was practised by a Spanish negro or native of India, who died without disclosing the secret of his process. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth this industry was revived, and has been continued ever since. Christopher Greening and a Mr. Damer established needle factories at Long Crendon, near Redditch, in England, in 1650, and these were soon followed by other London needle-makers. Redditch is still the centre of English needle manufacture. The eyes of the earliest needles were square. Many unsuccessful attempts were made to bring out the so-called "drill-eyed" needles before they were finally introduced in 1826. Two years later the burnishing machine in which the eyes of needles are polished was completed. In this machine the needles are strung on a steel wire which is caused to revolve rapidly, and thereby impart a beautiful finish to the eye.

## OLD MUSIC.

BY H. B.

Back from the misty realms of time,
Back from the years agone,
Faintly we catch the ringing rhyme,
And hear the melody and chime
Of olden songs, of strains sublime,
Like a carol of birds at dawn.

And ever we hear them, soft and low,
Harping their music sweet,
Songs that we loved in the long ago,
Rippling their liquid ebb and flow,
Drifting their cadence to and fro,
Like the fall of fairy feet.

Some faces our hearts will ever hold,
Some smiles we may remember yet,
There were flowing locks like the sunset's gold,
They were parted lips of Cupid's mold,
And the songs they sang can ne'er grow old,
For our hearts can ne'er forget.

The tunes that the voice of girlhood sung,
The chords that we loved full well
When hopes were buoyant, hearts were young,
When fairy bells in the flower-cups rung,
And ever fell from a maiden's tongue,
The words of witching spell.

# OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER LXXX.—(CONTINUED.)

IT seemed quite natural for Mattie and Earle to pass through the long open glass doors, and spend the five minutes among the flowers.

"You have a glorious day for your wedding, Earle," said Mattie. "I think the sun knows all about it; it never shone so brightly before. The best wish that I can offer is that your life may be as bright as the sunshine."

It seemed only natural for him to turn to her and say:

"Have you seen Doris this morning?"

"No," she replied.

She had been to the door of her room, but it was so silent she did not like to arouse her.

Then Earle went to a moss-rose tree and gathered a beautiful bud, all shrouded in its green leaves.

"Mattie," he said, "will you take this to her with my love?"

"What this love is!" laughed Mattie, as she went on her errand.

While she was gone the earl came in, and they sat down to breakfast. It was some little surprise to Earle when Mattie came back with the rose in her hand.

"Doris is not awake yet, and her maid did not seem willing to call her. She was up late last night, I think."

He said nothing, but he thought to himself it was strange Doris should sleep so soundly on this most eventful morning of her life.

They took a hurried breakfast; then Mattie said:

"Now it is growing late—our beautiful bride must be roused."

Lady Estelle looked up hurriedly.

"Is Doris still in her room?" she asked. "How strange that she sleeps so soundly!"

In the long corridor Mattie met the pretty Parisienne, Lady Doris' maid, Eugenie.

"You must rouse Lady Studleigh; she will be quite late if you do not."

"My lady sleeps well," said the girl, with a smile, as she tripped away. It was some short time before she returned; she looked pale and scared, half bewildered.

"I cannot understand it, Miss Brace," she said. "I have been rapping, making a great noise at my lady's door, but she does not hear, she does not answer!"

Mattie looked perplexed. The maid continued:

"It is very strange, but it seems to me the lights are all burning—there is a streak of light from under the door."

"Then Lady Doris must have sat up very late, and has forgotten to extinguish them; that is why she is sleeping so soundly this morning. I will go with you and we will try again."

Mattie and the maid went together. Just as Eugenie had said, the door was fastened inside, and underneath it was seen a broad, clear stream of lamplight. Mattie knocked.

"Doris," she said, "you must wake up, dear. Earle is waiting. It will be time to start for church soon."

But the words never reached the dead ears; the cold lips made no answer.

"Doris!" cried the foster sister again; and again that strange silence was the only response.

"Let me try, Miss Brace," said Eugenie, and she rapped loud enough to have aroused the seven sleepers. Still there came no reply.

The two faces looked pale and startled, one at another.

"I am afraid, Miss Brace," said the maid, "that there is something wrong!"

"What can be wrong? Has Lady Studleigh gone out, do you think, and taken the key of the room with her? If so, why should she leave the lamps burning? Oh, my lady!—Lady Studleigh! do you not hear us?"

Then Mattie began to fear. What had happened? She waited some time longer, but the same dead silence reigned.

"What shall we do, Miss Brace?" asked Eugenie. Her face grew very pale as she spoke. "I am quite sure that there is really something the matter. Lady Studleigh must be ill. I shall fetch the countess?"

A vision of the fair, gentle face of Lady Estelle, with its sweet lips and tender eyes, seemed to rise before her.

"No," she replied; "if you really think there is anything wrong, you had better find the earl. But what can it be? Doris, my darling sister, do you not hear? Will you not unfasten the door?"

"I will go at once," said Eugenie.

Mattie begged that she would say nothing to the countess.

The maid hastened away and Mattie kept her lonely watch by the room door. She listened intently, but there was no sound, no faint rustle of a dress, no murmur of a voice; nothing but the glare of lamplight came from underneath. In spite of herself the dead silence frightened her.

What could have happened? Even if Doris were ill she could have rung her bell and opened the door. There was little likelihood of her being ill; it was not many hours since they had parted, and then she was in the best of health and spirits.

The earl came quickly down the corridor.

"What is the matter, Mattie?" he asked, in a loud cheery voice. "Eugenie is telling me some wonderful story about not being able to wake my daughter. What does it mean? Doris ought to be dressed and ready."

He started when his eye fell on Mattie's bewildered face.

"You do not mean to say that there is anything wrong?" he cried.

"I hope not, Lord Linleigh, but we have been here nearly half an hour, doing all that is possible to wake Doris, and we can not even make her hear."

He looked wonderfully relieved.

"Is that all? I will soon wake her."

He applied himself vigorously to the task with so much zeal that Mattie was half deafened.

"That will do," he said, laughingly. "Doris, you heard that, I am sure."

There was no reply. Mattie laid her hand on his arm.

"Lord Linleigh," she asked, "do you see the gleam of the lamplight under the door? The night lights are still burning."

Then he looked a little startled.

"Mattie," he said, hurriedly, "young ladies live so fast nowadays; do you think Doris takes opiates of any kind—anything to make her sleep?"

"I do not think so," she replied.

Then again, with all his force, the earl called to her, and again there was no response.

"This is horrible," he said, beating with his hands on the door. "Why, Mattie, Mattie, it is like the silence of death."

"Shall you break the door open?" she asked.

"No, my dear Mattie," he said, aghast; "is there any need? There can not be anything really serious the matter; to break open the door would be to presuppose something terrible. How foolish I am! There is the staircase—I had forgotten that." He stopped abruptly and turned very pale.

"Surely to Heaven," he cried, "nothing has happened through that staircase door being left open? I always felt nervous over it. Stay here, Mattie; say nothing. I will run round."

As he passed hurriedly along he saw Earle, who, looking at his face, cried:

"What is the matter, Lord Linleigh?"

"Nothing," was the hurried reply, and the earl hastened on.

He passed through the hall—through the broad terrace to the staircase leading to his daughter's suite of rooms.

The door was open—he saw that at one glance—open, so that in all probability she had risen and had gone out into the grounds.

His heart gave a great bound of relief; she was out-of-doors—there could be no doubt of it; gone, probably, to enjoy one last glimpse of her home.

There was a strange feeling of oppression, a strange heaviness in his heart. He raised his hand to his brow, and wondered to feel the great drops there.

"I will go to her room," he said to himself; "she will be there soon; she is dreaming her time away, I suppose."

Yet he went very slowly. Ah, dear Heaven! what is that?

A thin crimson stain stealing gently along the floor; a horrible crimson stain.

Great Heaven, what did it mean?

The next moment he was standing with a white, terrible face, looking at the ghastly sight, that he is never to forget again, let him live long as he may. The lurid light of the lamps contrasts with the sweet light of the day.

There on the floor lies the wedding dress, the veil and wreath—torn, destroyed—out of all shape—stained with that fearful crimson; and lying on them, her golden hair all wet and stained, her white neck bare, her dead face calm and still, was Doris—his beautiful, beloved daughter.

He uttered no cry. He fell on his knees by the fair dead girl and looked at her.

Murdered! dead! lying there with her heart's blood flowing round her! Dead! murdered! while he slept.

All the sudden shock and terror of his bereavement came over him in a sudden passion of despair.

He uttered one long, low cry, and fled from the room.

### CHAPTER LXXXI.

LORD LINLEIGH rushed from the room like one mad. He was utterly lost. That his beautiful daughter, who was to have been married that day, lay there murdered and dead was an idea too terrible to contemplate. He fled from the place; but he could not fly from reality.

How, in Heaven's name, was he to confront the mother of this unhappy girl? How was he to tell her lover? What was he to do?

For once the courage of the Studleighs—oh, fatal boast!—failed him. He sunk down on the last step of that fatal staircase, white, sick, trembling and unmanned.

"What shall I do?" he moaned to himself. "Oh, Heaven, what shall I do?"

It must be told. There was no time to lose. Even now he could hear a hurried murmur, as of expectation and fear.

When he rose to return his limbs trembled like those of a little child. He was compelled to clutch the iron rail and the boughs of the trees for support. It was not sorrow.

He had not realized yet that it was his daughter, his only child who lay dead. He was simply stunned with horror. The dead face, the crimson stained hair, the bare white breast with its terrible wound—the sun shining over the ghastly scene.

The hall door was open, as he had left it, and he saw the servants hurrying on their different affairs. No murmur of dread had reached them.

There was to be a wedding, and on the strength of it they had each received a handsome present.

Their faces were all smiles; but one or two, passing along, looked aghast as the master of that superb mansion, with his white face and horror-stricken eyes, came in.

The library was the nearest room at hand. He went in.

"Tell Miss Brace I want to see her directly," he said.

And in a few minutes Mattie stood trembling before him.

"There is something the matter," she said, in a low voice, "and, Lord Linleigh, you are afraid to tell me what it is."

He could only hold out his hands toward her with a trembling cry:

"Oh, great Heaven! how shall I tell her?"

She knelt down by his side and held both his hands in hers. She felt that he was trembling—the strong figure was almost falling.

"Tell me!" she cried, calmly. "I am strong; you can trust me; I will help you all I can."

The good, kindly face grew almost beautiful in its look of high, patient resolve.

He raised his haggard eyes to her face.

"Mattie," he said, in a low, hoarse voice, "Doris is dead!"

She grew very pale, but no word passed her lips. She saw that so much would depend on her. She must not lose her self-control for one minute.

"Doris is dead!" he repeated. "And that is not all—she has been foully, terribly murdered, and she was to have been married to-day!"

She was quite silent for some minutes, trying to realize the meaning of his words. Then her old prayer stole to her lips:

"We must try to spare Earle," she said. "Heaven save Earle!"

Lord Linleigh caught hold of her.

"Mattie," he said, in a low, gasping voice, quite unlike his own. "I have not realized yet that it is my child Doris. I can only understand a murder has been done. Have I lost my reason?"

"No. You must be brave," she said. "Think of Lady Linleigh. Such a blow is enough to kill her."

His head fell on his hands, with a low moan.

"You do not know—you do not know all," he said.

Just at that moment they heard the voice of Lady Estelle in the hall. He started up, everything forgotten except the wife he loved so dearly, the mother whose child lay dead.

"Do one thing for me, Mattie," he gasped. "Go to her—on some pretext or other—take her to her own room; she must not see, she must not know. Keep her there: I must tell Earle."

Mattie hastened to obey him. Lady Estelle was speaking to one of the servants in the hall.

"Mattie," she said, "I do not understand this delay. If some one does not hurry matters a little, we shall have no wedding to-day."

Then the girl's anxious face and pale lips struck her.

"Surely," she said, "there is nothing wrong. Has Doris changed her mind?"

"No, dear Lady Linleigh; she is not quite well; and probably there will be no wedding to day. I want you to come with me to your own room—I want to talk to you."

"I shall go to Doris," said the countess; "if she is not well, my place is with her."

But Mattie caught her hands, and the countess always yielding, went with her.

"Is she really ill, Mattie. Is it some terrible fever—some terrible plague? Never mind—I will go and kiss it from her lips; I must be with her."

The poor lady wrung her hands in the paroxysm of despair; her face quivered with grief. Mattie tried all that was possible to console her. What could she do? It was the heart-broken cry of a mother for a child; but she could not tell.

"We must be patient, dear lady," she said, "and wait until Lord Linleigh sends or comes."

She persuaded the countess to lie on the couch. She complied, trembling, weeping.

"You must be hiding something from me," she said. "She was to have been married this morning. Oh, Mattie tell me what it is?"

Mattie Brace passed through many hours of sorrow and sadness; but none so dark as that which she spent shut up with Lady Linleigh.

She could hear the sound of hurried footsteps. Once or twice she heard a cry of fear or dismay. She heard the rapid galloping of horses, and she knew that they were gone in search of the door of the deed.

Yet all that time she had to sit with assumed calm by the side of Lady Estelle. No one came near them.

The silence of death seemed to reign over that part of the house; while from Mattie's heart, if not from her lips, went every minute the prayer:

"Heaven save Earle."

What had passed was like a terrible dream to all those who shared in it. Lord Linleigh had gone in search of Earle.

He found him busied in his preparations; happy and light of heart, as he was never to be again. He turned with a musical laugh to the earl.

"We have just ten minutes," he said. "I hope Doris is ready."

Then the smile died on his lips, for he caught one glimpse of the white face and terrified eyes.

With one bound he had cleared the distance between them, and stood impatiently clutching Lord Linleigh's arm.

"What is that in your face?" he cried. "What is it? What is the matter?"

"Heaven help you, my poor boy!" said the earl, in a broken voice. "It would seem better to take away your life at once than to tell what I have to tell."

"Doris is ill. She— no—she can not have

changed her mind again—she can not have gone away!"

"You will not be married to-day," said the earl, sadly. "My poor Earle."

"I can not believe it; I will not believe it," he cried. "Is Heaven so cruel; would God let that sun shine—those birds sing—those sweet flowers bloom? Yes, kill me; slay me; take my love away. I will not believe it."

"Hush," said the earl, laying his hand on the quivering lips; "hush, my poor Earle. Whatever happens, we must not rail against Heaven."

"It is not Heaven," he cried. "I tell you, God would not do it; He would not take my darling from me. You are afraid to say what has happened. I know she has gone away and left me, as she did before. Oh! my love, my love! you shall not cheat me! I will follow you over the wide world; I will find you, and love you, and make you my own! Oh! speak to me, for mercy's sake! Speak—has she gone?"

"My dear Earle, I do not know how to tell you; words seem to fail me. Try to bear it like a man, though it is hard to bear—Doris is dead!"

He saw the young lover's face grow gray as with the pallor of death.

"Dead?" he repeated, slowly—"dead!"

"Yes; but that is not all. She has been—you must bear it bravely, Earle—she has been cruelly murdered!"

He repeated the word with the air of one who did not thoroughly understand.

"Murdered! Doris! You cannot be speaking earnestly. Who could, who would murder her?"

Lord Linleigh saw that he must give him time to realize, to understand, and they both sat in silence for some minutes, that ghastly gray pallor deepening on the young lover's face.

Suddenly the true meaning of the words occurred to him, and he buried his face in his hands with a cry that Lord Linleigh never forgot.

So they remained for some time; then Lord Linleigh touched him gently.

"Earle," he said, "you have all your life to grieve in. We have two things to do now."

The white lips did not move, but the haggard eyes seemed to ask, "What?"

"We have to bury her and avenge her; we have to find out who murdered her while we slept so near."

The word murder seemed to come home to him then in its full significance; his face flushed, a flame of fire came into his eyes. He clutched the earl's hand as with an iron grasp.

"I was bewildered," he said. "I did not really understand. Do you mean that some one has killed Doris?"

"Yes, she lies in her own room there, with a knife in her white breast. Listen, Earle; I have my own theory, my own idea.

"I was always most uncomfortable about that staircase: the door opens right into her room. I have so often begged of her to be sure and keep it locked. I fancy that, by some oversight, the door was left open, and some one, intent on stealing her jewelry, perhaps, made his way to her room.

"She was no coward; she would try to save it; she would, perhaps, defy and exasperate the burglar, and he, in sudden fury, stabbed her; then, frightened at his own deeds, he hastened away. There are signs of a struggle in her room, but I can not say if there is anything missing."

"I must go to her," said Earle.

"Nay," replied Lord Linleigh, gently; "the sight would kill you."

"Then let me die—I have nothing to live for now! Oh, my darling! my dear, lost love!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# Not to Be Shared.

BY J. B.

JIM BOURN and I were boys together at Westminster; we went to Oxford together—to Balliol; we took our degrees together in Classical (Honor) School, and were ordained together by the Bishop, as curates for his diocese.

Here our paths separated for some years, and when next we renewed our old friendship I was the vicar of the town, still single at 34, and Jim was the chaplain of the famous jail in the same town, and married.

We were talking in my study, as in olden times.

Somehow the conversation drifted to the subject of a recent newspaper article: "Ought Married People to Have Any Secrets from Each Other?"

I said "No," Jim said "Yes."

We both smilingly stuck to our text. It was not often that we differed in opinion, but this was one case, anyhow.

"Why, Jim," said I, "you would have been the last person I should have expected to take that line, for I am sure, from what I have seen, that if ever two folks were happy and loving, they are Ella and yourself. I can't conceive of your having any secret which you would not wish Ella to know."

"Ah," retorted he, with a peculiar smile, "that's just it. Well, Howson, I'll tell you one, if you like, though," he added, "it must remain a secret between us two. I have never spoken of it to any one in the world, and never shall, except to yourself."

"Thanks, Jim, you need not fear me, as you know. I am only curious to know the case," and I assumed an attitude of eager attention to Jim's story.

"I was the chaplain at Lowmarket, as you are well aware, before I came here. It is a pretty place, and one wonders whatever made the Government build a jail there.

"However, there it is, and there was I. The amount of society that one got in Lowmarket was perfectly astonishing. Had I had the time and inclination for it, I might have turned out a regular 'society' clergyman.

"As it was, I had a full amount of lectures, soirees, parties and entertainments. Among the people I got in with none were nicer than the Yorks.

"Miss York, a maiden lady of 50, lived in a large and beautifully furnished house called 'The Cedars,' in the best part of the town.

"She was known all over the district for her charity, kindness of heart and pure life. Everybody had a good word for her. Nor was her niece, Miss York, any less popular. People in Lowmarket fairly worshipped both of them.

"I was 28 when I first saw Ella York, and at once succumbed to her charms. For weeks her praises had been in my ears, and now, on acquaintance, I found her beauty, her manners, her kindness of heart, not one whit less than report stated.

"I loved her. Of course, I could not say so at once; and whether, after two or three meetings in the course of my work—for Miss York the elder took great interest in our sphere of labor—she guessed my love, and reciprocated it, I could not then say.

"I found, upon judicious inquiries, that Miss York—Ella—had lived with her aunt from childhood; that she was now 24; that her mother was dead, and her father lived on the Continent for his health; also that she was her aunt's sole heiress. These facts were of course only learned by degrees, as one cannot go to the fountain head for such information.

"After much heart-searching and debating within myself I thought I saw that Ella York was not wholly indifferent to me, and I resolved to ask her to be my wife.

"I need not go into details as to how I did it, beyond saying that it was one summer morning rather more than five years ago, when, having gone to see her aunt, who was out, I met Ella in the grounds; and after talking as we walked along on various subjects, somehow it came out unexpectedly, and almost before I could comprehend what it all meant, Ella York had promised to be my wife, subject to her aunt's consent.

"But her aunt didn't consent. I received a dainty note that night—how tenderly I regarded it, Howson!—from Ella, saying that she had spoken of my visit to her aunt, and had told her that I was coming to-morrow for her approval.

"Miss York had been very kind, but acted very strangely, and said she would see me, but she could not consent, as she did not wish to lose Ella.

"My dear girl went on to say that she had in vain tried to get from her any more than this.

"I was in a curious frame of mind as I went next morning to see Miss York. What could her objection really be? Surely not to me! My position, my family, my life here were, I hoped, beyond reproach.

"Even if it were a question of money, I had enough private means, as you know. As for Miss York, well, of course it would be lonely without Ella at first, after so many years' companionship, but surely she didn't expect her never to get married! It was preposterous.

"I was destined to know her objection. As I approached the lodge the porteress met me.

"Oh, Mr. Bourn, this is shocking!"

"I was more puzzled than ever! Why my engagement to Ella should be 'shocking' I couldn't see; and I no doubt expressed it in my looks.

"So sudden, too, sir!" said the woman. "Nobody expected it!"

"Whatever's the matter?" said I.

"Why, haven't you heard that Miss York is dead? No! Oh, dear! Poor thing; had a fit in the night, doctor says; was quite unconscious when Miss Ella got there, and died at 9 o'clock this morning."

"My heart sank; I felt faint and giddy. It was some minutes before I could move. You will never know how it feels; Howson, unless you should have such a blow, which I hope you never will. But I am bound to say that my one thought was 'My poor, lonely darling, Ella!'

"There were no more details to be learned about Miss York's death. She was buried in Lowmarket churchyard. Ella was ill for weeks, and could not see even me. When she was well enough to attend to business it was found that she inherited all her aunt's money, and as she had already accepted me, we were married a twelvemonth afterward.

"She had been awfully lonely, she said, since Miss York's death, but no couple had ever lived happier and been nearer and dearer to each other than Ella and I. May God bless her!"

"Amen!" said I solemnly and reverently.

"Ella and I," pursued Jim, "could never give the remotest guess as to her aunt's objection to our engagement, and it would probably have remained a mystery to me, as it has to Ella even now, had it not been for the following circumstances. Some time ago I was sent for at the prison to see a rather desperate character, whose end was very near.

"He had been sent to seven years' penal servitude some three years before for forgery, and after serving two years at Portland had been transferred to Lowmarket. His appearance was superior to that of the ordinary convict, even when a forger.

"Although I had seen him several times, and certainly been struck with his face and appearance, we could not be said to be friendly, as he had been indifferent to all my advances.

"I found him lying in the hospital, and I soon saw that he would not live very long.

"You seem pleased to see me?" I said.

"Yes, sir," replied No. 152. "I am glad you've come; I hardly expected you would, considering how standoffish I've been. But I wanted to see you, as the doctor says I'm not likely to last much longer—perhaps not till to-morrow.

"There, well, never mind. Keep your courage up, and you'll probably deceive the doctor.

"I talked to him about his soul and spiritual things. That we may pass by, Howson; I believe he was thoroughly penitent. I asked him if there was anything I could do for him.

"Yes, sir, there is one thing, if you will. It's such a curious one, I hardly like to ask you." His eyes looked eagerly at me.

"Go on," said I; "I'll do it if possible."

"I've had a queer life, sir," said the convict. "I might have been somebody and done some good; but I got led astray after marriage, and broke the heart of my wife, who died soon afterward. Yes, I've led a bad life, and it's precious few friends I've had lately, anyhow.

"But I hope I may be forgiven, as you say God will pardon even the worst of us. And if you'll promise me to do one thing when I'm dead, I shall die happy.

"I'll promise as far as I can," said I. "What is it?"

"It's to take care of your wife," answered No. 152. "Ah," said he, smiling, "I thought that would astonish you!

"Take care of my wife!" I gazed at him in amazement. "Why, of course I shall! But what is that to you?

"A great deal," said he.

"Why?

"Because she's—my daughter!

"I looked at him in terror and astonishment, and was about to send for the nurse and for the doctor, feeling sure he was rambling, when he said, slowly:

"Sit down, sir, please; I can't talk much longer. You need not send for Dr. Darton, I'm all right. I feared it would give you a shock, sir, as it gave me one the first time I saw her here with you.

"Ella York—you see I know her name all right—was taken when quite a child by her aunt, who disowned me, and never told the child what her father was. She changed her name from Wilson to her mother's name of York, and completed the disguise.

"Whenever I desired—and oh, sir, I did often desire—to see Ella, my darling, Miss York has always threatened me with the police, and I knew better than to have them on my track, if I could help it. Yes, sir, I see you can't realise it yet, but you will find Ella Wilson's birth and baptism in the registers of Northfield, and I give you my word it is true.

"I sat in dumb silence. What could I say? Ella, my Ella, a convict's daughter!

"Please, sir, don't tell her," said he. "She has never known; don't let her know. But I felt I must tell you, sir, and you'll not think any worse of her?" and his eyes looked pleadingly and wistfully at me.

"My senses had somewhat returned.

"No," said I, "of course not. I am half dazed, but I feel what you say is true. But Ella is my own now, and always shall be while I live. I wish I had not heard this, but it cannot alter my love for Ella."

"Thank God!" he said. "And, sir, there's one thing more. The doctor says I shall sleep myself away. Do you think it could not be managed for my darling to give me one kiss ere I die, just one?"

"I'll try. Yes," said I, "she shall, if you'll leave it to me."

"I will! God bless you, Mr. Bourn."

"I left him. When I got home Ella thought I was ill, and indeed I was. Overwork, I pleaded. In another hour they came to tell me he was asleep, and would not wake in this world.

"I took Ella with me to the hospital. 'Ella,' I said, 'a prisoner who is dying, and who has no—few—friends, told me today how he had seen you and would like you to kiss him ere he died, as his own daughter would have done. Will you?'"

"Certainly, my darling."

"And with eyes full of tears she did. The unconscious form rose, the eyelids half opened, the face smiled. She didn't know; did he?

"I led her away, weeping, my own heart full. I afterward verified his story. But Ella has never known any more of Howson, and never will. There is sometimes a secret which should not be shared between husband and wife, Howson, isn't there?"

"You're right, dear old Jim," said I as he grasped my hand in silence, but with tear-dimmed eyes. "You're right, old fellow, and God bless you both!"

WHY MEN GROW BALD.—"A good many people believe that frequent cutting of the hair tends to strengthen it," said a hairdresser recently when in an unusually confiding mood.

"In reality, however, it does nothing of the kind, but is a great assistance to baldness.

"Just notice the average woman's head. You don't find many resembling billiard balls, and it isn't because they wear wigs either.

"They're just not bald-headed, that's all.

"You see, they like having a profuse growth of hair, and don't rush off to the barber as soon as they think their friends might begin to chaff them about looking like a poet or a piano player.

"When hair is cut it leaves the ends open for the escape of the oil upon which it feeds and maintains a healthy state.

"You'll find that after being cut the hair has an oily feeling—much more so than when it has a growth of several days.

"That is because it is what we call 'bleeding to death.' Many a man has lost his hair through the 'bleeding' process.

"What are you to do when you have more hair than you want? Why, have it removed by singeing and not by cutting. The science of singeing is this:

"You have probably noticed that what hair is burnt it twists and curls as though in agony.

"It is a sensitive thing, with a minute hole throughout its length, in which flows the oil which gives life and keeps it in a healthy state.

When the entire hair is burned it is the action of the heat upon the oil, and the vacuum, that causes it to squirm, and not physical pain.

"When singeing the hair we do not take it all off, but merely to the desired length, and leave the ends closed so that the life-giving oil cannot escape through.

"But won't it burn you? Not in the slightest, provided the hairdresser knows his business."

THE dulness of most intercourse between different classes is especially due to the suppression of nature of both sides. The moment that a man shows his real self, the fog of dulness disperses.

### IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

BY S. M. S.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, we are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed you with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again!

## Gladys Grey.

BY W. E. H.

SHE had come to the little country town, Stedwell, in the autumn of the previous year, when the apples were falling in red and golden showers in the orchards; the sickle had already laid low the yellow corn crops, and the leaves upon the elms both young and old, were changing—under the touch of annual morality—from the cheerful green of youth to the sad brown of their last days, ere the relentless winds should sweep across them driving them hither and thither until they found a sequestered grave in the hollows of the land.

No one knew anything of Gladys Grey's past—Mrs. Grey, she styled herself—who she was, or whence she came.

That she was a lady could not be doubted; but she was exceedingly reticent about herself and her friends—for assuredly she must have had some prior to taking up her abode in the little ivy-clad cottage at the corner of the High Street—and if any of the more inquisitive inhabitants attempted to elicit information from her, and to pry into her private affairs, she drew herself within her shell and answered them coldly, a certain haughty grace accompanying her speech withal.

She had something to conceal, some past action—some sin—that would not bear the light of day; and she had come to this irreproachable town to hide from the world and the tongues of those who knew her and her disgrace. So said the good, respectable and philanthropic ladies of Stedwell-on-the-Sted.

And a jury of matrons met together, shortly after Gladys Grey's arrival in their midst, at afternoon tea in Mrs. Pander's best drawing-room, and after listening to all the hearsay evidence against the unwitting, absent prisoner, Mrs. Pander summed up condemning Gladys Grey, and—without retiring—the jury gave a verdict of "undesirable acquaintance for us, and more especially for our daughters."

Thus it came about that Gladys Grey was left severely alone, than which nothing could have better pleased her.

Yet there was one man within the town with whom she was more friendly, whom she permitted to constantly visit her.

This was Edgar Thring, the solicitor—a desirable match for the daughters of the "best set" in Stedwell.

It was through him that Gladys Grey's own London solicitor had secured the little ivy clad cottage for his client upon a lease; but he knew nothing of her past, he was like the remainder of Stedwell in that respect, save that he never sought to obtain her confidence; for he saw that the matter was distasteful to her, and never broached it.

Notwithstanding, they became firm friends—although she learnt nearly all his private affairs, and hers were as a sealed book to him.

* * * * * *

Summer, with its dusty roadways, its hot days and its breathless nights, had almost worn itself away.

Gladys Grey had been an inhabitant of Stedwell for nearly a year, and her friendship with Edgar Thring had gone on steadily increasing, week by week, month in and month out.

Edgar Thring had made a discovery. Mrs. Grey had a taste for water-color sketching.

He, thereupon, found little difficulty in persuading her that the old mill upon the Sted, with the thickly wooded hills in the background, formed one of the most picturesque pieces of scenery for miles around.

He, himself, was exceedingly fond of trout fishing—the Sted was renowned for trout—and nothing could be more natural than for him to follow the bent of his inclinations by strolling along the winding, rush-grown bank, whipping the stream leisurely, until he came across a slight figure seated upon a camp-stool—busily plying her brush—amongst the reeds and riverside grasses.

Then it so happened that the angler discovered how perfect a spot it was for sport, and would stop there—neglecting his legal business—until the sun appeared to sink, a golden ball of fire, behind the hills to the far west; the gray evening shadows slowly, almost imperceptibly, crept across the valley; the twilight deepened; the damp mists hung like a shroud above the surface of the silent stream; the huge mill-wheel ceased its drowsy revolutions, the wooden structure gradually dimming to the sight, yet still looming out faintly against the distant hills, a gaunt spectacle, as something shadowy, dead, useless, forsaken and long forgotten, the shy water-shrew came forth from its hiding place—a tiny subterranean passage beneath the bank—glancing timidly this way and that, ere diving to the river's bed; and then—although his fisherman's basket might be empty, although perchance not a solitary trout had risen, although he would not have observed it had it done so—Edgar Thring told himself that he had had a good day, a very good day, and that he must take yet another holiday and come on the morrow.

And so they two walked slowly homewards, across the green fields together.

Surely never was fairer picture than they made—alone in that fair wilderness!

Gladys Grey was beautiful. Yet hers was an indescribable beauty.

Did her blue eyes lend that charm to her whole face—that strange mingling of hauteur and tenderness, sweetness and severity—that graceful sadness to her every look and gesture? or was it her sensitive mouth that appealed to one as so very lovely, yet so very uncertain, like an April day? or was it due to those richly glowing cheeks, over which the different shades chased one another in quick succession as her mood changed in a bewitching, fanciful way? or could it be her voice, so full of melodious inflections, at times so piteous, and again so utterly weary, which beautified the whole woman?

These were questions which Edgar Thring asked himself many times; yet he could give no answer to them.

All he knew was that he loved her, as man can love but once; that to him there was no heaven save in her eyes, no music save in her voice, no grace nor beauty save in her every trivial action.

Thus, unsought on her part, premeditated on his, they met opposite the decaying, tottering, tolling old mill many times—— And the picture progressed but slowly, and the trout, revelling in their freedom, were caught—not at all.

* * * * * *

One day the fisherman was at his post—armed with a book of flies, his rod, line and basket—disconsolately flicking the sleepy waters, for Gladys Grey had not come to put the long-delayed finishing touches to her sketch of the old mill.

She had told him, upon the previous evening when they had parted at her garden gate, that she would be there by the riverside on the morrow as usual; but still she came not.

"Is she ill? Can anything be the matter? Something must have occurred," he said to himself, uneasily; and his glance continually wandered to the broken hurdles at the entrance to the meadow, through which she must pass.

He looked at his watch. She was an hour behind her usual time.

"I will wait another ten minutes," he muttered, "and then—then I will go to her house and find out what is the matter."

Perhaps, until this moment—the first time she had failed to meet him—he had not fully realised how deeply and honestly he loved her, how much the dear face, the dear voice and presence were to him, and how slender was the tie—if tie there was at all—which bound her to him.

"What do I know of her—of her past life?" he asked himself. And his lips framed the answer, as a chill seemed to strike upon his heart—"Nothing, absolutely nothing!"

A fish rose, nibbled at the angler's "Wickham's Fancy," fought shy, and escaped unheeded.

"She must know that I love her," he continued, following up his train of thought. "She cannot possibly have been playing with me . . . passing the time . . . making a . . . Oh! God, NO! . . . I am a cad, a dirty despicable cad to even think such a thing of her. She—so pure, so good, so true a woman!"

Another fish rose, took a bite at the fly, and, with a sharp struggle shaking itself free, disappeared again.

The water bubbled slightly, and a few circles gradually increased in size until they touched either bank, and the surface of the stream became once more as smooth as a sheet of glass.

But the fisher scarcely heeded the sudden jerk upon his wrist, nor noted the movement of the reel.

A vague sense of impending sorrow, a forerunner of the death of hope, the loss to him of this woman, of all that made life worth living, seized upon him.

The ten minutes had slipped away. Yet no sign of her for whom he waited.

He put up his tackle, hurriedly, carelessly. Then he strode rapidly across the field.

Upon reaching the town, he walked straight up the High street, never halting until he stood opposite Gladys Grey's little garden gate.

He pulled the bell violently, as though he had come on a matter of life and death. A neat, white-capped little maid opened the door, and tripped lightly down the flag stones.

"Is—is Mrs. Grey ill?" he asked.

"No sir."

"Is she at home?"

"No, not at home, sir."

"Would you tell her that I called?"

"Yes, sir."

He turned to go. An oath struggled to his lips. His glance had fallen upon the little drawing room window. He had seen "her" standing within the room, her back to the light.

Blindly, as one who has indulged too freely in strong liquors, he made his way homeward.

He had thought that he was privileged to call at any time. Besides, she had promised to meet him at the old spot opposite the mill; and she had not come; neither had she sent a word of explanation to him by the maid.

She had fooled him to the top of his bent, and now—now! . . . Bah! Perhaps he was making a mountain of a mole hill. He would call upon her on the morrow, and she would explain it all away.

And the look of pain, unutterable, which had found lodgment in his eyes, slowly left his face. He had decided. He would call on the morrow; and she?—she would explain it all away.

* * * * * *

And for three successive afternoons he put in an appearance at the little, ivy-clad cottage, each time meeting with the same answer—"Mrs. Grey is quite well, but not at home."

Then, on the following day, he sat down and put pen to paper, to write to her for the first time. He laid bare his whole soul to her, upon that scrap of paper.

He told her everything—that he loved her more than life itself. That without her presence, living in this uncertainty, this doubt, he had suffered the agonies of a life-time. That he must, and would see her, face to face, the next day.

Then he signed it "Yours till death—Edgar Thring;" and placing it in an envelope, directed it, and posted it with his own hands.

A tiny note, on the creamiest of cream-laid note-paper, was left at his office by a messenger that evening.

He opened it with trembling fingers; but his teeth were hard set, and his eyes—although glistening, unnaturally brilliant—wore a firm, determined expression. He had steeled himself for whatever might befall. He was prepared for anything.

This is what he read:

"Come, to-morrow afternoon, at three o'clock."

Nothing more. No heading to the paper. No signature.

Yet he knew full well from whence it came. The handwriting was shaky—as if the writer had been laboring under some strong emotion—although graceful and somewhat uncommon; and the last word was blurred over by a circular mark into which the ink had run pale.

It was the imprint of a tear. Had she wept for him, for herself, or for them both?

Unseen, he raised the paper to his lips and held them for a moment against the blurred spot. Then he folded it up and placed it reverently in his pocket-book.

Later, he walked to his private residence with his wonted light step which had failed him for the past three days; and, somehow he kept mentally repeating—"Come to-morrow," "Come to-morrow," as though there was exquisite music in the words, and the sky seemed to him to be much clearer, upon that autumn evening, than it had been for many a long day; and the nightingale in the shrubbery burst forth into melody; "link'd sweetness, long drawn out," as Edgar Thring strolled up and down betwixt the rose trees in his garden—surely it had not sung since last he saw Gladys Grey!—and when night had spread its dark mantle over all, he went indoors and prepared some flies for future fishing, overhauling his tackle, making it ready for any sudden call upon it, as though the different parts had been put by and had become tangled and rusted from want of use for many months past, instead of a matter of a few days; and, throughout, the burden of his song was "Come to-morrow;" "Come to-morrow."

Punctually at the appointed time, Edgar Thring was ushered into Mrs. Grey's dainty little drawing room. She was standing by the table, her long, slender fingers toying nervously with a paper knife.

Her face was as white and waxen-looking as the purest alabaster, and might have been fashioned from it, so still, so immovable was every feature; but her bosom rose and fell, like the turmoil in the breast of a slumbering sea, over which the cruel tempest suddenly sweeps.

For a moment he hesitated, standing in the doorway. Then he advanced with outstretched hands.

"I have come, Gladys," he said.

She turned and faced him fully. For the first time he noted the change that had been worked in her since last he set eyes upon her lovely face.

Dark rings encircled the worn, weary eyes; the mouth was bluish and drawn down at the corners, with pain, mute agony, and the utter hopelessness of despair; her beautiful dark brown hair hung in a tangled mass about her shoulders, as though she had lost the energy, the heart, to dress it; and the dimpled cheeks had grown pinched and wan, in those few days.

"Gladys! . . . Gladys! . . . O my God! . . . Tell me—tell me what has happened."

His voice sounded strange in his own ears. Involuntarily he recoiled.

"I have to ask your forgiveness—" she began in a low, hard tone.

"I have forgiven that, long ago," he broke in.

He alluded, in his ignorance, to the fact that she would not see him during the past few days.

"No, no," she said, shaking her head wearily, and motioning away his proffered hand. "No! it is something else. I never thought, or I would not think, how badly I was treating you, until—until he came, and——"

"He! he! . . . Who is he?"

Edgar Thring almost shouted the last word. His eyes flashed, he clenched and unclenched his fists, as one who can scarce control himself.

"As God is my judge, I did not think you meant—meant anything," she continued; "but when I got that letter, I saw it all—saw that I had done wrong, very wrong—saw that I ought to have told you that I was married, that my husband was alive."

"Married! Alive! . . . I thought—I thought—" Words failed him, he staggered back with half closed eyes, his brain reeling, like a man who has been struck upon the face.

He leant against the wall, eyeing her almost incredulously.

Then she went on, speaking in a low monotone, like a little child repeating a lesson.

"He is a criminal, that is why I have never spoken of him. His name is Hargrave—that is my real name, not Grey—he was manager of a bank, and falsified the books.

"He was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, I daresay you may remember the case; and then the other day—the day on which I did not meet you—he came here. He is here now. They have allowed him—out of prison—upon a ticket of leave."

Her hand was pressed tightly against her heart, as though to stay its throbbing. Her blue eyes wore the look of a hunted animal, an animal that had been hounded down—down to its death—and was enduring the tortures of its final worrying.

"Can you forgive me?" she asked, and the sound of her voice was like a long, low cry of pain.

His head hung down. Slowly he lowered it, more and more, until at last his face sank into his hands. He was dazed, stupefied, like one awakening from a dream.

Still he made no answer.

"Can you forgive me?" she repeated softly, turning her great, sad eyes upon his bended head. Unwittingly he was trying her feeble strength too far. He did not see that he must answer soon, or his voice would fall upon ears that heard not.

She tried, vainly, to plead with him again; and failing, shivered from head to foot, a dry, helpless sob escaping her pallid lips.

A long silence. Then—— "Listen?" he said, suddenly, in a husky tone; raising his head and drawing himself up to his full height.

"I came here this afternoon, ready to throw myself down on my knees and kiss your feet. . . . I believed in you—trusted you. . . . I thought you one of the truest women that ever breathed God's air. . . . I would have died for you gladly. . . . But you—you have deceived me. . . . Would it not have been better to have been honest with me? . . . Did you think it fun to play with me? . . . I loved you, in spite of all that Stedwell might say of you. . . . I never sought your confidence; but you should have given it to me. You have done so now—now—when it is too late. . . . I loved you Gladys. . . . God help me! I love you still."

She put up her arms, across her eyes, as though to ward off a blow. "Stop! Stop, Edgar! I cannot bear it."

He ceased as suddenly as he had commenced, and stood before her, his breath coming and going in quick, short gasps.

The mention of his name, upon those dear lips, seemed to calm him in a moment. A little later he went on:

"You want me to forgive you! . . . It seems to me that you have something to bear, too. Yes! I forgive you, Gladys, from the bottom of my heart."

His voice sank almost to a whisper. The sudden revulsion of feeling had proved well nigh too much for him. His face sank again into his hands and rested there.

Once more he lifted up his head and looked upon her pallid face. "Gladys, if you had met me before—if you had not married him—if he had died in prison—would you, would you——?"

She checked his words by a gesture. "You have no right to ask such things," she said.

"No! no right!" He laughed bitterly. Then for one fleeting moment their eyes met, and in hers he read the answer that her lips would not tell him. He knew that she loved him.

The door-handle rattled. Yet neither of the occupants of the room heard it. The door itself was slowly pushed ajar.

It was Bargrave, her husband, who stood without.

Something, a sound, caused him to draw the door to again. It was an unusual, a heartbreaking sound—that of a man sobbing.

Gladys sank, unconscious, into a chair. The icy hand that had held her senses fast had suddenly given way.

Striving to calm himself by an effort of will power, Edgar Thring advanced to where she half lay, half sat, huddled, as she had fallen.

His face was distorted, the pupils of his eyes seemed to have grown. He bent down and kissed her between the eyes—a long, long kiss.

Then he turned away, pulled the old-fashioned rope mechanically, and staggered out of the room, out of the house, down the flagged pathway, into the sun-lit street.

* * * * * *

The black rain-clouds chased one another in quick succession across the darkened sky. The pale moon now and again glanced fitfully between the fleeting, sullen masses of vapor. The stars were entirely obscured. At intervals vivid flashes of lightning lit up the sky.

No sound could be heard save the groaning gurgling of the Sted, the moaning wind, the swish-swash of the rain, and the creaking of the old mill, which exhibited signs of being wrecked entirely by the force of the gale and the rushing current.

Edgar Thring, heedless of the elements, made his way leisurely in the direction of the mill.

He could not sleep, he could not stop at home on such a night; and, moreover, something seemed to impel him towards that bight in the riverside, where the waters lay undisturbed by the mill wheel, where he had played at catching trout, and she had deftly plied her paint brush; and where both of them had learnt to love.

A lightning flash illuminated the earth and sky. He saw the broken hurdles straight before him.

His mind conjured up a vision of "her," passing through them, smiling, beautiful, as in the old days, with her drawing block and camp stool under her arm. Then followed the deep, rumbling thunder-peal.

The rain fell in torrents, the wind whistled and sighed; but still he plodded on, almost finding something congenial, suitable to his frame of mind, in the wildness of the night.

At length he reached the river's bank, where the long reeds collided one with another with the violence of crossing cut-lasses.

He walked along the bank, following the curves and sudden bends, fearlessly, recklessly, with only the livid whiteness of the foam-flecked river to guide him. And it seemed to him—the whiteness of death.

Another flash of lightning lit up the scene from the zenith to the horizon. He saw the old mill, standing out gaunt and gray away to his right.

And once again his fancy played strange tricks with his vision; he thought he saw "her" frail, girlish figure to the left, seated upon the camp stool near the water's edge, as in the past, sketching the scene before her. Once again came a loud thunder crash.

Then darkness, inky darkness, prevailed again; and he saw nothing but the troubled waters washing by his feet, heard nothing but the shriek of the tempest and the deadening splash of the rain. Yet he doggedly went forward, without any purpose save that of standing where Gladys and himself had so often stood, on the brink of that tiny day.

Another flash of lightning. He stood immediately opposite the little bay, with the old mill in the background.

He started back with blanched cheeks and staring eyes, as the thin, electric streak ran with velocity through the air, rendering the scene as light as day.

What fearful trickery was this? What ghastly power was at work to fool his eyesight thus? His mind must have been wandering—yet he had seen it! A cold sweat broke out upon his brow.

The thunder boomed with the strength of forty thousand guns, about his dazed, terror-stricken head.

Beneath his feet in that brief moment he had seen a human form, clad in white, soaking her drapery—a human face, white with the pallid hue of death, turned upwards to the sky—the eyes fixed, glassy, staring yet sightless—the form, face and eyes of Gladys Grey.

He stepped down the bank into the shallow water, and bending over the spot where he thought that he had seen this drowned object groped about blindly with his hands.

They touched something—a damp piece of muslin: another moment and his hand clasped a tiny, cold, clammy one. It was the hand of the dead.

A piercing shriek rang through the air, out-sounding the roar of the wind and the angry voice of the rushing flood.

He dropped those icy fingers as though they froze his own. Then he walked on, on, until the waters reached to his waist, his shoulders, and surged above his head.

And in the hush of the morning the miller found two corpses amongst the rushes in the shallow bight; and their shroud was the saffron of the dawn, and the river sadly sang their requiem.

## ABOUT JEWELS.

The great Roman, Nonius, suffered proscription rather than cede his opal to Augustus.

Black opals come from Egypt. They have the glow of the ruby seen through a vapor, like a coal ignited at one end.

The Turquoise—This gem is said to protect its owner by drawing on itself the evil that threatens; but this property belongs only to the turquoise that has been given, not one that has been purchased.

Boetius tells of a turquoise that, after being thirty years in the possession of a Spaniard, was offered for sale with the rest of the owner's property. Every one was amazed to find that it had entirely lost its color, and no offer was made for it. Subsequently it was purchased by the father of Boetius for a trifling sum.

On his return home, however, ashamed to wear so mean-looking a gem, he gave it to his son, saying, "Son, as the virtues of the turquoise are said to exist only when the stone has been given, I will try its efficacy by bestowing it upon thee."

Little appreciating the gift, the recipient had his arms engraved upon it as though it had only been a common agate.

He had scarcely worn it a month, however, before it resumed its pristine beauty, and daily seemed to increase in splendor.

The sympathetic property of the turquoise, manifested by a change of color, is alluded to by several old English poets. Donne writes:

"As a compassionate turquoise that doth tell,
By looking pale, the wearer is not well."

Three centuries ago it was esteemed the most valuable of all opaque stones, and no gentleman was without a turquoise ring, but the gem was not patronized by ladies.

The Pearl.—The presence of the pearl in the oyster was an unfailing subject of speculation among the wiseacres of old.

This appears to have been one of the most popular myths. At certain seasons the oyster opened its shell to receive the dew, which in course of time became a pearl.

The pearl was more or less beautiful according to the size and purity of the dew-drop the oyster received in its bosom. Linnæus described it as a hurt received by the oyster.

The pearl trade is of the remotest antiquity. The princes of the East had pearls on every part of their dress. The victories of Pompey seem first to have excited a taste for pearls in Rome.

Pliny gives an elaborate account of a portrait of Pompey wrought in pearls, which account he interlards with remarks of cutting satire.

The women of that day, not content with adorning their sandal ties with pearls, covered their shoes with them. "They must even walk on pearls!" exclaims Pliny.

The story of Cleopatra's pearl has been told for nineteen centuries.

Cæsar is said to have undertaken the conquest of Britain from exaggerated accounts of the pearls of its coasts, or rather of its rivers.

The ancients dedicated the pearl to Venus.

It had many medicinal virtues when taken, but no influence on passions or events when worn.

The oneiroc lities—interpreters of dreams—drew their interpretations from pearls.

A string of pearls signifies a torrent of tears.

The Amethyst.—Aristotle gives the weight of his authority to the following myth concerning this gem:

A beautiful nymph beloved by Bacchus invoked the aid of Diana, who answered the appeal by changing her votary into a precious gem.

The baffled god, in remembrance of his love, gave to the stone the color of the purple wine, of which he had taught mortals the taste, and the faculty of preserving the wearer from its intoxicating effects.

The Oriental amethyst is one of the rarest of precious stones. It is a stone set in the rings of bishops. The Western amethyst was used by the ancients not only for personal adornment, but they made drinking cups of it, which they highly prized.

Coral—Coral was formerly in great repute. There are many high authorities in favor of its various virtues.

It was invaluable as a talisman against "enchantments, witchcraft, venom, epilepsy, assaults of Satan, thunder, tempest, and other perils." On account of these properties, it was consecrated to Jupiter and to Phœbus. Hung round the neck, it stopped hæmorrhage.

Pierre de Rosnel tells us that coral worn by a healthy man will be of a handsomer, more lively red than if worn by a woman. It becomes pale and livid if worn by a person ill or near death. Coral and bells used to be suspended round the necks of infants to repel witchcraft and scare away evil spirits.

Amber.—Myths about amber abound. Nicias the historian asserts that the heat of the sun is so intense in some regions that it causes the earth to perspire, and the drops congulating, form the substance called amber, and these drops were carried by the sea into Germany.

The Gauls accounted for amber as being the divine drops that fell from the eyes of Apollo.

Eastern poets say that it is a gum from the tears of certain consecrated sea birds. An abbe asserted that amber was honey melted by the sun, dropped into the sea from the mountains of Ajan and congealed by water.

The Romans set an immense value on amber. Pliny complained that a higher price was given for exceedingly diminutive human effigies of amber than for strong and robust living men.

It was the fashion for Roman ladies to carry in the palms of their hands balls of amber for its delicate perfume. Amber has, to a lesser extent, the same properties as coral.

The Aquamarine, or Beryl.—This stone protected from snares of enemies. It was efficacious in liver complaints, hysteria and jaundice, convulsions, diseases of the mouth, throat, or face.

When powdered it cured weak eyes. It was held by the magi as a sovereign remedy against idleness, a sharpener of the wits, and a reconciler of married people.

The aquamarine rendered the wearer successful in navigation, and preserved from danger, however rough the voyage.

The Onyx—The name is from the Greek, signifying nail. The stone has not such a good character as most other gems. If worn on the neck it excited melancholy, vain terrors, and other mental perturbations, all of which were counteracted or cured by the presence of the sardonyx or cornelian.

Cardan asserts that the cornelian caused its owner to win lawsuits and to become rich.

The ordinary agate has the property of preserving from the bite of venomous animals, particularly that of the scorpion. The Persians believed that its scent turned away tempests and arrested the impetuosity of torrents.

# Scientific and Useful.

FED BY AN ALARM CLOCK.—An ingenious man has invented a device for feeding his horse with the aid of an ordinary alarm clock. If the horse is to have its morning feed of grain at five o'clock the alarm is set for that hour, and when the morning comes the horse gets its breakfast before the owner's eyes are open. It is so arranged that the alarm pulls the slide, letting the grain run through a sluice into the manger.

BAIT.—Every fisherman knows the value of earthworms as bait; they are also an excellent food for young birds, fishes, etc. According to La Nature, they can be got anywhere by simply wetting the ground with a solution of cupric sulphate (blue vitriol)—10 grammes to a quart of water—which will bring them out in surprising numbers, almost immediately. Soapsuds have the same effect.

JOINTS.—"The universal separatum," or tongue and socket joint or connector, is an invention for securing together any two parts of a structure, mechanism, or support of any kind from a bridge and its supports to parts of machinery, couplings for shaftings, hubs of wheels, framework of various descriptions, holders, and other supporting devices, where two surfaces can be held flush with each other and locked together by a circular, angular, oblique, dove tailed, tongued and grooved socket.

# Farm and Garden.

WINDOW FLOWERS.—In arranging the window garden remember that plenty of light is essential to all plants, and especially to vines. Even the ones that do not require full sunlight will require plenty of light, or the growth will soon cease and the foliage will become dull in color.

HANGING BASKETS.—For a satisfactory hanging basket plant for winter blooming try the much-enduring oxalis. It will stand the heat of the living room, will give plenty of flowers and will flourish where many other plants would die. Its main requirement is moisture at the roots.

ALUMINIUM.—Pots, pans, milk boilers, and other cooking utensil are now made of aluminium, which is both light, cleanly and durable. It is also free from poison, and requires no tinning or enamelling within or without. Further, it cooks more quickly than iron, as it retains the heat better. Portable canteens, basins, cups, plates, salt cellars, trays, and toast-racks, are also made of this white and shining metal, which is coming rapidly into general use, and has evidently a great future before it now that chemists are learning to reduce it from its oxides at a comparatively low cost.

MANY HUNDRED "Cough Remedies" have been introduced to the public during the past half century, and have been lost sight of. Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant on the contrary, introduced over sixty years, is to day in the very front rank of Family Medicines. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sanative.

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## A Start In Life.

There are very few parents who are not concerned with the start in life of themselves or their children. There is something almost uncanny in the reflection that, although the hopes and fears of men and women are at some time all centred on the thought, "What shall we make of the lad?" or "How can we give the girl a start?" the answers to these questions appear to be determined in perhaps a majority of cases by chance considerations.

Young people start anyhow and come right in the end. So often is this the case that those who have watched the starting of many lads and lassies are inclined to feel that it is not of first importance how a start is made, so long as it is made and, within reasonable limits of suitability, work is promptly begun. Our observations shall apply chiefly to boys.

There are, in the different grades that earn a living, four varieties of starts. First, there is the lad who, when he is eleven or twelve years old, must begin to do something towards keeping himself. There is a period when a youngster is too young to learn a trade, and yet is too old to be a non-efficient in the family. This is the errand-boy age. There must be hundreds of thousands of lads who every year make their start in life by going as errand-boys to whosoever may be in need of help.

There is no family consultation, no careful comparison of the boy's capabilities with the tasks that will be required of him if he succeeds completely in the business to which he is being attached. The concern of the parents is that the youngster has secured "a nice place" and will bring home a few dollars a week. The ultimate outlook is not scanned. We believe it will be found that a very large number of successes have had a casual beginning of this kind.

The boy has been compelled to start upon the first work that has been available; so he has gained experience, has learned to be handy and to rely upon himself, has found opportunities of testing various kinds of work, has attracted the attention of people who were likely to benefit by a handy lad's service, and so has, in practical ways, been prepared for the moment it is necessary that a definite answer be given to the question, "What shall I be?"

Often, when we see parents most painfully trying to match their children with a career by abstract calculation, it occurs to us that, after all, the seemingly casual shuffling of human lives by the world's routine is almost as good a guide as human wisdom.

"Ah, if I had only had his chance!" you will hear one of these lads who had an irregular start say of some other man who began in the approved way; and the speaker firmly believes that, if he had been educated in the correct style and had had a methodical "send off," he would have scored successes far beyond those he has achieved. Pooh! The probability is that he would not have done anything of the kind, but that the brisk training of contact with the world has led to a greater success than would have been reached by any other means.

We are not desirous of disparaging the formal laying-down of a life-plan for youths at an early age; we are only pointing out that, without any such plan, there often is a natural gravitation of the boy to the right place that produces unexpectedly good results.

It may not be a palatable thought for the father who is spending money on the training of his son for a special position that years hence the boy who now comes with a tradesman's errand-basket to the kitchen door may be the colleague of the carefully-trained son and give him points and a beating; yet, palatable or unpalatable, the thing is happening every day, and the most successful men in every line of life are those who have drifted, they scarcely know how, into the work they delight in and are best suited to undertake.

Whatever occupation or profession may be chosen by parents for their children, or by those who have reached years of discretion for themselves, no man can account himself insured against the accidents of life by his own capabilities until he is master of some useful trade, of a kind that must always remain valuable.

The young man of moderate education, good family, and no money finds himself—the case is repeated ten thousand times—using the words, "I cannot dig, and to beg I am ashamed." Why can he not dig? He ought to be able to dig or to do similar useful work, whether he ever requires it or not.

If there could but be set on foot a fashion of universal usefulness, if every man and woman determined to be able to do some part of the necessary work of the world skilfully, regardless of whether they would be required to put their skill into practice, how much nearer the leisured and working classes would be brought to each other! The hard hand would no longer be a sign of social ostracism.

It is often alleged of women who are fairly well-to-do that their lives are so frivolously spent that they can do very little that is useful; but we doubt very much whether the charge is as generally applicable to them as it is to men of the same class. It is the fashion with women to conceal their usefulness.

You enter a house in society hours, when everybody is living obviously under the gaze of neighbors, and you do not suspect that the girls, who seem bent on knick-knackery and small-talk, can do almost any work required in the house as well as it can be done by the servant to whose share it falls. The substratum of plain every-day usefulness that never wears away, though business may fail and casual occupations cease, is, we believe, more generally found in women of leisure than in men of leisure.

Of course men of large business affairs almost always are practical, and can do common work of the kind required in their enterprises as well as or better than the best of the men over whom they exercise supervision. That is one of the secrets of their success. But the man of leisure not unfrequently cannot earn his living by making himself useful if he is thrown upon his own resources; he can only become a billiard-marker.

Happy is the man who knows that, if fortune frowns upon him and he must dig or beg, there are one or more forms of digging—of routine labor—to which he will be a welcome recruit! It is an insurance that nobody can afford to lose.

After all, though there is a good deal of importance to people of little initiative and of want of determination and pluck in the start—and a wrong direction often means wasted years—we have a firm belief that life is long enough and chances are varied and frequent enough to give character time in the long run to work out its true destiny. The "mute inglorious Milton" is a striking poetical fancy, but experience teaches rather that character registers its full effect in the end; a good start however may greatly shorten the distance to success.

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NONE of us have enough real sympathy in our natures. We cannot make it "go round." We exhaust it upon visible suffering, and have none left for deeper and sadder evils. We need to realize that where we cannot sympathize we have no right to criticize. No one is more truly pitiable than the wrong-doer, and no one is in sorer need of the influence of a kind heart and a wise mind to lead him upward. If we cannot extend these to him, we are powerless for good as far as he is concerned.

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A MODERN writer has well said: "There is a dignity in every attempt to provide for the future. It indicates self-denial, and imparts strength to the character. It produces a well regulated mind. It fosters temperance. It is based on forethought. It makes prudence the dominating characteristic. It gives virtue the mastery over self indulgence. Above all, it secures comfort, drives away care, and dispels vexations and anxieties which otherwise might prey with severity upon us."

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TO-MORROW may never come to us; we do not live in to-morrow—we cannot find it in any of our title-deeds. The man who owns whole squares of real estate and great ships on the sea does not own a single minute of to-morrow. To-morrow! It is a mysterious possibility not yet born; it lies under the seal of midnight, behind the veil of glittering constellations.

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IT is a truth which needs continual emphasis that the highest work for any one is that which he can do best. A weak lawyer, an inefficient physician, an incapable financier are vastly inferior as men and as workers to the skilled mechanic or the well-trained laborer who knows his work and does it with thoroughness and self-respect.

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AS pictures are slid into a magic lantern, and then reflected upon a wall, so many people think God slides graces into the heart, and that the man's life only reflects them. But graces are not interjected pictures. Their forms and colors are the substance of the heart.

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THERE is something praiseworthy in the employment of those legitimate means at everybody's disposal to earn a reputation of some sort; but to follow the dictates of a low vanity to the attainment of such an end is incompatible with the finer feelings and susceptibilities of our nature.

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YOUTHS are often carefully taught how to perform the various duties of their occupations, but seldom how to secure their performance by other people; yet in most of the pursuits of life the one knowledge is as requisite as the other.

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ALL quarrels, mischiefs, hatred, and destruction arise from unadvised speech, and in much speech there are many errors, out of which thy enemies shall ever take the most dangerous advantage.

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No one can witness the life of a great and good man from day to day without imbibing something of its flavor. No one can hear the records of his life without venerating goodness more than ever before.

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PRECIOUS beyond price are good resolutions. Valuable beyond price are good feelings.

## CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

I. M. S.—The novel "On The Heights" was written by the German author Berthold Auerbach.

A. N.—The word chere is French and means "dear," as we use dear in the expression "Dear friend." The handwriting of your letter is so disguised that we cannot decipher your character from it.

LETTICE.—Voltaire, the French author, is sometimes called the "Philosopher of Ferney," from his chateau of Ferney, on French territory, but near the Swiss confines, where he passed the last twenty years of his life.

R. M. W.—Haystacks sometimes take fire because the hay, having become damp, decays, and passes on to a state of fermentation, in which chemical changes occur, during which heat is evolved, and hence spontaneous combustion.

MRS. S. S. G.—The item concerning the trunks you refer to we found floating about in the columns of the daily papers. We cannot say where they might be had but doubtless inquiry in a store where these articles are dealt in, would put you on the track.

M. V. N.—The Pacific Ocean is the largest ocean on the globe. The European discoverer of it was Vasco Nunez de Balboa, who September 26, 1513, saw it from one of the mountains near the Isthmus of Darien. It was first traversed by Magalhaens. From him it received the name of Pacific, on account of the constant fair weather with which he was favored during his voyage. Its maximum depth is about 3,000 fathoms.

E. F.—A nonsuit is a mere default. It does not change the face of the matter in controversy. In other words, it leaves the parties in the same position towards each other as if no action had been brought. In submitting to it, the plaintiff does not admit that he has no cause of action; and, subject only to the probable order of court that further proceedings be stayed until the costs of the former suit are paid, the plaintiff is entitled to institute a new action at his pleasure.

G. L. S.—The effect of frost on mortar is a disintegrating one, and is brought about in the following manner: The frost attacks the dampness or water in the mortar, causing the liquid to pass into the solid state, and the chemical law is that water passing from the liquid to the solid state expands irresistibly one-tenth in volume at the moment of solidification, thus forcing or flaking pieces of mortar off the face in proportion to the severity of the frost. When building operations are in progress in winter, the brickwork or masonry must be carefully protected from the weather, and hydraulic mortar or cement should be used.

WONDER.—The form of the ark constructed by Noah, according to the Biblical account, for the preservation of his family and of the different species of animals during the deluge, was that of an oblong chest, while its dimensions were 300 cubits in length, 50 in breadth, and 30 in height. It was made capable of floating upon the waters, not for sailing or for progression. The Scripture says merely: "Make thee an ark of gopher-wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch. A window shalt thou make to the ark, and in a cubit shalt thou finish it above; and the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof; with lower, second, and three stories shalt thou make it."

POET.—Here are a dozen books—not novels—worth reading, distributed over the subjects you mention, which will interest you in the questions they raise, if they do not satisfy you—Macaulay's Essays, which still remain the best examples of dippings into English history, although they are often strongly partisan; Drummond's Ascent of Man; Tyndall's Fragments of Science; Smiles' Great Inventors; Boswell's Johnson; Richard Jefferies' Wild Life in a Southern County; Ruskin's Crown of Wild Olive; R. L. Stevenson's Virginibus Puerisque; Lamb's Essays of Elia; Seeley's Ecce Homo; Matthew Arnold's Literature and Dogma; and, if your mind still runs on religious questions, Dale's Christian Doctrine. These books are of interest in themselves, for nearly all of them are very finely written, and they open up subjects that will allure you further. Some of them we include because of their criticism of life, others because they have a more solid informational value. All of them would suit your mood.

DEBATE.—It has often been said that nations are developed like individuals, passing through the same successive stages of infancy, youth, maturity, and old age. This theory receives support from what is historically known respecting the evolution of the color sense in the infant. According to recent observations, the process is as follows: At first it has only the perception of light, but soon learns the difference between black and white, then begins to notice objects and apprehend their movements. At about six months the sensations of red and green take their rise in the central portions of the retina, and are perfected at the end of the second year. During the third year the child becomes acquainted with yellow; during the fourth, with orange, blue, and, finally, with violet; the chromatic sense is thus fully unfolded at the age of five or six. Within another year he forms the habit of distinguishing the above-named colors in his talk. The Annamites, we are told, are able to discern (aside from black and white) only red, green, and yellow; hence the intellectual growth of this people, so far as vision is concerned, may be compared to that of a two-year-old child.

## WAITING.

BY E. J.

Golden autumn and glowing wood
And shining leaves o'erhead,
Mazes of verdure and blossom
And fair green moss to tread.

Who should be gayer than I?—but no,
I wait and my heart is sore,
Listen and wait for a bird to sing
That sang in the wood before.

What though the rich air quiver,
The waters sparkle along,
What though the sunbut is cooing,
I am waiting for that one song.

Waiting and listening and longing,
Autumn is shining in vain,
Waiting and listening and longing
For the song of that bird again.

But I know that if one bright presence
Adown the pathway drew near,
That bird on the instant was singing,
The whole of my world were here.

# The Legatee.

BY W. P.

THE day that old Major Dalrymple was buried seemed singularly in keeping with so solemn an event. The light never advanced beyond a semi obscurity, and the air was heavy with the smell of rotting leaves.

There was a wild look over the country in the morning, bleak fields, long uncompromising hedgerows, gaunt trees dropping softly and silently the last of their quota to the decaying vegetation in the dikes.

Towards evening, when the funeral was over, the darkness fell quickly, and with a damp chill that made the blacksmith's shop in the village, with its glowing forge, seem a strangely inviting and comfortable place.

In the library at the Hall, a fire was burning, and it was needed. It shone brightly and continually up the cross-barred ceiling, and glinted, as it flickered and fell, now upon the glass window of a bookcase, now upon an old Dresden ornament, now upon the huge brass inkstand which the major had used—and no one else had dared to use—until a month before his death.

It lighted the faces of two people, who were seated in front of it, a girl and a young man.

They were dressed in deep mourning, as was fitting, for one who was the ward and the other the nephew of the deceased, and their faces looked white in the gloom. He was holding her hand, which betokened an understanding: and the subject of their converse was, not unnaturally, the disposition of the property of the late major.

"Perhaps he never made one?" said the girl.

The man was not disposed to accept this view.

"He would make one," he said, a little bitterly, "if it were only to cut me out."

There was a moment's pause, and then the girl crept closer to him. "I can never make up to you, Harold," she whispered, "for all you have lost through me."

Her lover slipped his arm round her waist. "I feel wonderfully content to let you try," he declared.

"You see," the girl said thoughtfully, her eyes fixed upon the glowing coals, "you had such a splendid chance."

"I was hoping," said Harold, "that I had it still."

"Don't be silly. You know what I mean. The major was a rich old man, with no living relations in the world but his two nephews, Gilbert Macgregor and you. That was your chance."

"And also Gilbert's chance," said the young man pertinently.

"It was a chance for both of you. For a long time you were on your trial. Everybody knew it; you knew it yourselves. Most people said Gilbert Macgregor would be chosen." She paused, and concluded, naively: "I said Harold Cecil."

She received what such a remark naturally provoked; and after a time Harold had leisure to make an observation. "And you were right," he said, "and all the rest of the people were quite wrong."

The girl smoothed her hair, and continued her retrospect.

"Yes, I was right. The major asked you to come and live with him, which was very kind of him, and of course you came.

"He treated you as his son; everything here was put at your disposal; you had all you could possibly wish for while he lived, and the assurance of being his heir when he died. To all this there was attached a single condition—not expressly stated, perhaps, but understood—and you broke it."

"When a condition is an impossibility," observed Cecil, with a show of reason, "a man is bound to break it."

"Oh, but this was not an impossibility. It was really a very simple thing, you were not to fall in love with his ward. And—and you——"

"Well?" said Harold calmly.

"And you did," she snapped, fiercely returning his gaze.

Her eyes were sparkling in the firelight, and it gleamed upon her skin, which was soft and white.

Harold felt that an attempt to contravene her statement must eventually bring him to disaster; so he confirmed it at once, which was satisfactory to them both.

"In consequence," he remarked, "I was dismissed with ignominy, and Gilbert installed, to try his hand at the impossibility."

"Which," said the girl paradoxically, "he proved to be no impossibility."

Cecil was obviously sceptical.

"Three months was not long to hold out," he observed. "And besides, there was the question of expediency. I wonder," he added reflectively, "why the major was so dead against either of us marrying you?"

The girl laughed softly.

"Do you know who I am?" she asked.

The question seemed to amuse Cecil.

"I know that you are the dearest little woman in all the world," was his very natural reply, "and that you were my uncle's ward, and that your name is Mary Johnson; and if you ask me if I want to know any more, I can tell you that I do not."

"You see, you have taken me on very slender credentials," said the girl smiling.

"Now, how do you remember the major?"

"He was a dear old man," replied Harold; "a bit touchy, perhaps, and impulsive, but a dear old man, and as proud of his blood as the combined peerage."

"There never was an Eccles," observed Mary inconsequently.

"So I have heard," replied Cecil. "But at present I can't say that I care particularly whether there was or was not."

"Well, there never was a Johnson, either. My father was a self-made man. My grandfather worked as a common laborer. So my blood is of the ordinary color.

"It would never have done for the inheritor of the Dalrymple estates to marry a person with blood of the ordinary color." She looked intensely serious as she finished, and Cecil felt vaguely uncomfortable.

"You would not chaff me out of marrying you," he remarked, "even if I were the inheritor of the estates."

"Perhaps you are? The will has not been read."

"That is a mere formality."

"He turned you out; but he may not have altered his will."

"Oh, surely——"

"Three months is not a long time, Harold."

"Quite long enough," said Harold.

"Supposing it were a will in your favor with a condition?"

"It will not be. He saw me break a condition in his lifetime."

Mary was not disposed to argue. "We shall see," she said.

"I suppose we shall," Cecil agreed, "but I wonder when? The lawyer should have been here for the funeral. That was at two o'clock." He took out his watch. "It is now five, and there is no sign of him."

The door softly opened and softly closed. In the interval, a man had entered the room. He was thin, clean-shaven, and jaunty in manner.

There was the suggestion about him of the trimmed and studied humorist, chastened by a solemnity fitting the mournful occasion. His dress was properly funereal.

In his left hand he carried a bunch of keys. Obviously, he was a man of culture, but one couldn't avoid the feeling that he would have made an excellent groom.

His eyebrows lifted slightly when he saw the couple by the fireplace; then he tripped up to them.

"You have found a pleasant fire," he pattered. "With our spirits at so low an ebb, we find a fire distinctly comforting."

"We were talking about this lawyer, Gilbert," said Harold. "I suppose the old gentleman hasn't put in an appearance yet?"

"I am disturbed to say no. By the delay, we are seriously incommoded. It brings us to a standstill. It brings us to a palpable halt."

"I suppose it does" said Harold. "But the point is, we want him to play propriety. I don't relish the idea of turning out to night, eh?"

Gilbert was balancing himself on his toes, with a perpetual up and down motion that suggested a wire framework.

"You touch on a delicate point," he tittered. "The position is assuredly embarrassing—he, he. I earnestly trust the good man will arrive."

"I think," said Harold, "I will go and make some inquiries at the stables."

So saying, he rose from his seat and went out of the room, leaving his fiancee and his cousin together; which, had he thought about the matter at all, he might have considered was not altogether a wise thing to do.

Mary rose as the door closed behind him. Her lips had tightened, her bearing had become more assertive.

She looked for a moment at the keys which Gilbert carried in his hand; then raised her eyes to his face. "You came here for a purpose," she said.

Gilbert hooked the split ring to his little finger, and lightly jangled the keys.

"You allude to these little articles," he said pleasantly. "They are my uncle's keys, and your remark—as your remarks always are—is distinctly pertinent. I thought it best," he babbled on, "even in the absence of the family adviser, to go cursorily through the papers, to make a preliminary investigation, to take a dip at the brink—so to speak—in preparation for the plunge it will be necessary to make later on.

"The office is a painful one, but it seemed to fall naturally to me, as a man of business, while Harold—I say it in all goodwill—Harold is a man of pleasure."

Mary heard him through with some impatience.

"I suppose," she suggested, "you mean you are going to look for the will?"

"It is possible," he said airily, "that I may come across it—it is possible."

He waved his hand, and set himself to walk—or, rather, to bounce—up and down the room.

To a person who knew Gilbert Macgregor, this was a sure indication that he was about to say something which he considered important. Mary, therefore, moved swiftly and silently in the direction of the door.

"You will not go," cried Gilbert, steadying his action, "I entreat you?" There was no help for it. So she stayed.

"It has been my privilege, Miss Johnson," he began, "to live for three months beneath the same roof with you. Will you allow me to assure you that it is impossible for a man to remain that length of time in your immediate propinquity, and not become, as it were, your slave."

As he warmed to his work, he jerked off again on his jaunting parade.

"If I have appeared to you heedless, inattentive, perhaps cold, believe me, it was only that I feared to presume. I was overcome with emotions, but I hesitated from the dread of misconstruction.

"You enjoy, as I knew, a considerable property; which, I was distressed to think, might be deemed an attraction to a man of slender means. With the death of my revered uncle, that fear may be laid aside.

"I cannot doubt that I am in a position which will render the sincerity of my motives no longer open to suspicion. I come before you as a supplicant. As such, I would entreat of your bounty no more than a morsel of grace—a sign that my suit has been heard and has not displeased. If I have failed to offend, I am satisfied, Miss Johnson, I tremble."

As he uttered the concluding words, he twitched himself to a standstill, facing the girl.

Her color had gradually risen during this oration, the muscles round her mouth had hardened, her face had assumed an expression of indignation.

"You are silent," piped Gilbert. "I have presumed. Forget it."

"I will not forget it," cried the girl, drawing herself up, and facing him boldly. "You choose to affect ignorance, but you know that I am engaged to your cousin, and your proposal is an insult."

"As to your pretended scruples, your behavior was not actuated by any such delicate motives as you have the effrontery to suggest.

"You knew that to make any advances in my guardian's lifetime was to court his displeasure, and lose your chance of the money you coveted beyond everything. So you waited till his death, and now come to me before the sods are laid upon his grave."

She whipped her skirts away from him, and with her head very much out of the perpendicular, walked majestically to the door.

She opened it, and turned to throw a final shaft: "You take it for granted that the money is yours; but remember—the will has not been read." Then the door closed behind her with a snap.

By the girl's tirade Gilbert was not extensively disturbed. He was able to believe that he had suffered an undeserved imputation, and considered himself to be disillusioned.

But her concluding words rankled. Was it possible that the major had taken his ward into his confidence? Did she know of the existence of a will unfavorable to himself?

As the possibility presented itself, a spasm of apprehension passed through him. To inherit the major's wealth was a matter of enormous import to Gilbert Macgregor.

He had staked heavily on the expectation of it, and to lose the inheritance meant ruin and loss of honor.

Though his mind rebelled against placing any significance upon the girl's words, they had taken root in his brain and increased his anxiety to get speedily forward with the work of finding the will.

He locked the door, pulled the heavy curtains across the window, and lighted the lamp which stood upon a small table by the side of the major's desk. The room was oblong.

The whole of one side and the end was lined with cases and shelves filled with books.

In the middle of the opposite side stood the fireplace; the great oriel window broke out from the remaining end.

An old oak cabinet of interesting workmanship stood in the niche between the fireplace and window; the space in the corner being filled by an iron safe.

The corresponding niche between the fireplace and door was occupied by a bureau, with blue china ranged upon the ledges above it. The major's desk stood in the centre of the room, facing the bookshelves. Tables and chairs completed the furniture.

The most likely place for a valuable document to be kept in was obviously the safe. It was accordingly to this that Gilbert first directed his attention.

He found the key, and succeeded in swinging open the heavy door without difficulty. There were five shelves in the interior, each bulging with documents, title-deeds carefully tied up in brown paper, insurance policies, stock and share certificates, miscellaneous papers all valuable to the owner, but of little account to anybody else.

He took them out and twice went through them carefully. There was no sign of the will. Considerably disgusted, he returned them to their shelves, and snapped the door back in its place.

He turned from the safe to the cabinet which stood beside it. It was composed of four cupboards—two small ones at the top, two larger ones at the bottom—with a long, shallow drawer between them. He opened one of the upper cupboards.

It contained innumerable fragments of broken china—pieces of old Sevres teacups, the broken remnants of a beautiful Satsuma bowl, a valuable blue Hawthorne vase in several sections—all, evidently, gems from the major's collection, which had proved their perishable nature, and been set in a safe place with a view to renovation.

Under ordinary circumstances, Gilbert might have spent some time in examining these interesting fragments; but now he merely gave a grunt of dissatisfaction, closed the cupboard door, and opened its fellow.

The contents were of a widely different order. There were theatre programmes for fifteen consecutive years, newspaper cuttings of varying dates, ranging over an even greater length of time, and some old pamphlets and small dun colored volumes, which the major, no doubt, had enjoyed in his youth, but which in his mature years he had judged it wiser to keep under lock and key.

Gilbert closed the cupboard and savagely dragged open the drawer beneath it. Almost the first object that his glance rested upon was the will.

He took it out with fingers that perceptibly shook, opened it, and pressed out the folds. The major directed the payment of his just debts—a superfluous clause which lawyers, being paid by the folio, think it best to insert—and left several legacies to old retainers and friends, and $2,500 to his ward.

These preliminaries Gilbert merely skimmed over; he was interested in noth-

ing but the residuary devise. When he reached it, the words swam before him in a mist, and he was forced to set the will down while he gained some control over his nerves.

Presently he raised it again. The words had steadied themselves, and he read them: All the rest, residue and remainder of my real and personal property, whatsoever and wheresoever, I give, devise, and bequeath to my nephew, Harold Cecil, in fee-simple, for his own absolute use and benefit.

Gilbert's face had become as white as the paper he held in his hand. The blow had fallen so heavily that it left him for a time without the power to grapple with the facts. He was simply crushed, and could not rally.

There was a cloud on his brain which would admit nothing but a dull sense of the impossibility of the proposition that, in spite of his care, in spite of the assurances he had received from his uncle, he was left to face ruin and dishonor.

This state of mind could not last long. He was naturally a man of energy and resource, and under no circumstances was it possible for his brain to remain long inactive.

He closed and opened his eyes several times, like a man trying to accustom himself to a strong light, emptied his lungs with a dull, whistling sound, and once set himself to study the offending clause.

It was a singularly lucid and thorough one, no man in his senses could conceivably entertain any doubt as to its meaning; had he had the drafting of it himself, he felt he could not have improved upon it, except in the particular of the name.

He stared at that until the letters assumed distressing proportions. They spelt "Harold Cecil," and by no ingenuity could he make them spell "Gilbert Macgregor."

The date of the will was the 15th August 1892. That was some months before Cecil had received his dismissal. Gilbert's spirits revived as he realized this. There would be a later will, by which the one in his hand would be made void. But almost as the possibility presented itself, he was forced to admit that it was only a possibility.

The major had been an orderly man, whom he had heard more than once condemn the practice of accumulating superfluous papers. If this will were valueless, why had it not been destroyed? Why was it kept among his uncle's counterfoils and magisterial documents in the cabinet drawer?

His cognition had advanced to this point, when he detected the sound of carriage wheels on the road. He listened, and heard them turn in at the gates and crunch upon the gravel in the drive. So the solicitor was coming at last!

In a moment, his mind had grasped the salient features of that event, as they affected himself. After the man of business had entered the house he must stand or fall by the slender chance of a later will.

Until he came he had it in his power to make sure of half the estate. His nerves were in a deplorable condition. A little matter was awaiting his attention, and he hesitated.

The sound of the wheels on the drive grew louder and seemed to deafen him. With an oath, he crushed the will on the fire, and the flames caught and lapped round it.

He held it in its place with the poker, till it turned to black ashes and dropped away. Then he made a few slight readjustments in his dress, and tripped out into the hall. He opened the front door; but the trap proved to contain no more interesting occupant than the groom who was driving.

"Another futile journey, James?" said Gilbert affably.

"Yes, sir," replied the man. "There's been a bit of haccident, sir. Only just got word. Main line's blocked, and London passengers won't be in for another hour, they say."

He drove off in the direction of the stables, and Gilbert skipped back into the house. He returned to the library, and sat down at the major's desk. The false alarm had shaken him, and he sat for some moments motionless, with his head between his hands.

On reflection, he was not inclined to regret the interruption. At the worst, he would now share the state with his cousin under an intestacy; and there still remained the chance of a later will which would give him the whole.

The desk was fitted with a line of drawers down each side, and Gilbert, continuing his search in a somewhat desultory way, opened the top one on the right. It held writing paper and envelopes. The second was half filled with bills.

He pulled at the third, but it proved to be locked. The first key that he tried overcame the difficulty, and he drew the drawer open. It contained a miscellaneous collection of papers, arranged in an orderly way.

There were several bundles of tradesmen's receipts, waiting for the file, the major's bank books, and various printed forms, relating for the most part to the transfer of stock.

But Gilbert had no inducement to dip deeply into the contents of this drawer; for a document, lying well to the front, at once commanded his attention. It was a sheet of foolscap, neatly folded, and endorsed by the major's own hand:

Codicil to my will of the 15th day of August 1892.

Had it been a new will he would have pounced upon it with alacrity. Being a codicil, he drew it out slowly, and with a certain misgiving.

He had never thought of a codicil. It was only a few lines long, and manifestly contrived without legal assistance. For so small a document it was astonishingly sweeping:

This is a codicil to my will of the 15th August 1892. I direct that wherever the name of my nephew, Harold Cecil, occurs in my said will, the name of my nephew, Gilbert Macgregor, be read in its place, and that my said will be given to as though the name Gilbert Macgregor had been originally inserted therein, and not the name Harold Cecil.

Then followed the signature and attestation.

A person of duller wits might have experienced a momentary satisfaction at reading this. The mortification of Gilbert Macgregor was instant and complete. He realized that the codicil was so worded that without the will it was useless; that, indeed, it was worse than useless; that it was a menace; for it showed the existence of a will which his every interest demanded should now be kept secret.

He had set a crime upon his conscience; and the net result was to deprive him of half his inheritance. The paper dropped limply from his hands, and he sat staring with hopeless eyes upon the long lines of books which fronted him.

Presently he roused himself, walked across to the fire, and dropped the tell-tale codicil upon it. He watched it till the ashes broke; then moodily returned to his seat, sank his head upon the desk, and so remained.

The lamp was burning low, and it is possible that he slept. He heard a coal fall in the grate, the smothered tones of some clock in the house striking the hour, and without, as it seemed, an appreciable interval, the sound of voices near him.

He partly raised his head and saw two people standing at the farther end of the room; one was his cousin; the other, a white-haired old gentleman, whom he recognized as the family adviser.

"I think, Mr. Cecil," the latter was remarking, "that it will be convenient to proceed to business at once. I have the will in my bag."

Gilbert sat up with a gasp. A new will, after all? He should have known that so slender a document as the codicil could only be meant as a safeguard. But now his nerves played him false!

He realized that it behooved him, as the person chiefly interested, to rise and greet the solicitor, to be cordial though obsequious, to show him such attention as might set him at his ease.

He saw Cecil performing the office, and performing it, as he considered, indifferently; yet his own attempt got no further than a bow. The lawyer returned it solemnly, and dipped his hands into a small black bag.

"By my advice," he proceeded, turning over his papers, "the will was executed in duplicate. Major Dalrymple took one copy; the other I retained"—he found the document he was looking for—"and have here."

He spread out the will, coughed solemnly, and continued:

"The document is somewhat lengthy, and it will be sufficient, I think, for our present purpose, to touch briefly upon its main features. There are various legacies, both pecuniary and specific, to friends, old servants and retainers. Some three or four thousand pounds is distributed in this way.

"There is a bequest of $500 to his ward, Mary Johnson. The residuary devise is in favor of his nephew, Harold Cecil."

The old man held out his hand to Harold "Will you permit me to congratulate you?"

There was some commotion at the desk. Gilbert had risen, and stood with pallid cheeks and starting eyes, his jaw moving hopelessly. Obviously he was trying to speak, but could not form the words.

He stretched out an unsteady arm and pointed at the solicitor. Some inarticulate mutterings came from his throat, and then the words, but hoarsely:

"The codicil, sir! You have not read the codicil."

The old lawyer was taken aback.

"I have no knowledge of any such document," he replied shortly. "Major Dalrymple did, it is true, intimate at one time a desire to execute something in the nature of a revocation, but I was not favored with his instructions."

There was a pause. Gilbert's face was working convulsively. He could have given fifty thousand pounds for the sheet of foolscap he had dropped so sullenly into the fire, and have made a big profit on the transaction.

He fancied himself destroying a troublesome paper; in reality he was burning his inheritance, his honor, perhaps his life. Bah! there was an irony in it that galled him beyond endurance!

With a loud cry, he seized the heavy brass inkstand on the desk, swung it over his head, and hurled it at the unoffending lawyer. The old man avoided it with some agility, and it crashed through the glass front of a bookcase. At the same moment, the door clanged; and the air was purer for the absence of a criminal.

# Driven to It!

BY J. K. L.

"WHAT is that?" exclaimed my Aunt Janet with a start, as she sat in close proximity to the warmly blazing fire that lent a cheerful light to the snug little drawing-room at Ivy Cottage.

"Cats, aunt," I replied promptly.

"Nonsense!" responded my aunt sharply; "cats are the lightest-footed animals in creation."

"Beetles are lighter," I suggested.

My aunt looked at me with an expression of mingled pity and indignation.

"You must be light-hearted," she said facetiously, though without relaxing her sternness of countenance. Then after a moment's pause she added:

"Draw down the blinds and close the shutters. No one can tell who may not be prowling about the premises on these winter evenings. Tramps in all probability—their name is legion in this locality. It is a disgrace to society that workhouses are permitted to stand so near the abodes of the civilized."

"Where would you have them then, aunt?"

"I am not going to argue, Miss Clara, so don't flatter yourself. You had better find some more useful employment."

I rose, pulled down the blinds and closed the shutters, agreeably to my aunt's wish, and resumed my seat for a moment or so.

The noise she had heard, and which had momentarily startled her, did not, I was perfectly aware, arise from what I had suggested as being probable, or, rather, what I had confidently asserted as the cause.

I felt conscious it was George Tempest blundering over the new trellis-work lying on the lawn, preparatory to being erected.

My heart had jumped into my mouth, as people somewhat vulgarly and not less unreasonably assert, when the sound of his blundering had reached my ears—of course he hadn't done it on purpose, poor fellow, and the fact of its being all but pitch dark was some excuse; but when engaged on so delicate a business, and right under the tigress' nose—he always called Aunt Janet the "tigress"—he might have been a little more cautious.

George Temple and I were engaged. I don't suppose any two young lovers were ever fonder of each other than he and I.

The course of true love they say, never did run smooth, and truly we had good reason to believe in this well worn proverb.

When first George avowed his affection for me—ah! shall I ever forget that lovely summer's evening when beneath the mildly shining stars, he asked me to be his?—he speedily followed up his offer by asking my aunt to accede to and acknowledge our engagement.

He met with what I was pleased to consider, and what I consider now, the grossest ingratitude at her hands.

Instead of complimenting him on his straightforwardness, and welcoming him as a worthy—aye! more than worthy—suitor for her niece's hand, she turned upon him like a tigress, asked him how he dared to presume to aspire to the hand of a relative of hers—as if she were a superior being forsooth!—and actually forbid him the house.

Prior to this George and his mother frequently visited at Ivy Cottage. Mrs. Temple, the widow of a gentleman-farmer, who died a year or more before my aunt and I came to reside in the neighborhood, was in every sense a lady.

Her husband had been a gentleman, although he was far from wealthy, and farmed in a small way only. After his death George managed the farm for his mother.

Now, my aunt could not fail to see that Mrs. Temple was of gentle birth, nor could she by any possibility be blind to the fact that George was a well-bred man, in spite of a certain ruggedness that manifests itself in all country people who have plenty of out-door work to occupy them.

From the first, however, I had always noticed my aunt treated Mrs. Temple with a shade of patronage in her manner.

When George spoke to her concerning me she at once evinced her unutterable, or, I should say utterable, conceit in the avowal of her superiority.

Of course this broke up the friendly connection that had existed between the two households.

But it was not conceit alone, if at all, that prompted my aunt to fight against our union.

Young Gerald Bumpkins, of Bumpkins Hall, was the real cause of it. Had it not been for that wealthy and promising young individual, my aunt would, I verily believe, have gladly seen me "settled down," and "married and done for," as George Temple so devotedly desired.

But young Gerald Bumpkins of Bumpkins Hall, had thought fit and proper to fall head over ears in love with me; had asked my aunt's consent to win my hand and heart, before he had consulted my feelings on the subject, and had received her full and hearty consent.

And who was Mr. Gerald Bumpkins that he should meet with such preference at my client's hands? Was he a gentleman blessed with blue blood and a pedigree as long as a parliamentary petition?

Was he one of the "upper ten," or in any way connected with that fortunate coterie?

Nothing of the kind, I assure you! To tell the plain truth Mr. Gerald Bumpkins was the son of a retired linen-draper. His grandfather, so it was rumored by the envious and others, also, had been a rag and bone man!

Now, please, kind reader, don't suppose for one moment I wish to sneer at him or his connections on that account.

Heaven forbid! All the more honor to his ancestors for having raised instead of degraded their offspring!

If I had loved Mr. Gerald Bumpkins, I would gladly have listened with a favorable ear to his vows of adoration, and proudly have taken the position of his wife.

My only object in describing Mr. Bumpkins' connections is to show you what a thorough old humbug Aunt Janet was.

Young Mr. Bumpkins was wealthy; his father was immensely happy, wealthy. They had a magnificent country residence, in fact, quite a palatial edifice, and moved, as in these days rich people without a distinguished pedigree can move, in good society.

My aunt, who had always pronounced every one connected in any way with trade, or who ever had been, however remotely, connected with it, "snobbish, and unfit to associate with," now, forsooth, welcomed Mr. Bumpkins as a suitor for her niece's hand, and snubbed the well-bred gentleman, George Temple.

Had Gerald Bumpkins been a poor man, or even comparatively-speaking poor, like my brave-hearted George, she surely would have laughed him to scorn when he ventured to appeal to her concerning me.

What, pray, would you think of your aunt if she behaved like that?

Now the foregoing explanation as to "Who is who," was necessary to give the reader a clear insight into the cause of what followed, and will help to explain the cause of the commotion outside the drawing-room window of Ivy Cottage on the evening when my story opens.

I will now proceed with the thread of

my narrative without taking a further retrospective glance.

Having drawn the blinds, then, and closed the shutters, I reseated myself, but not with the intention of retaining my seat for any length of time.

I meant to leave the room as soon as my aunt had talked herself out of remembrance of the noise which had startled her. I feared she might possibly smell a rat if I took my departure too speedily after that occurrence.

"Mr. Bumpkins will, I trust, look in this evening," said my aunt; "you had better find some employment before he comes. I know he admires industry—he has told me so."

"I'm sure I am utterly indifferent to Mr. Bumpkins' admiration," I answered.

"You wicked girl!" exclaimed my aunt indignantly. "You extremely wicked girl!"

"I consider it a great deal more wicked for you to do all in your power to thrust down my throat a man for whom I don't care twopence."

"Disgraceful!" exclaimed my aunt; "literally disgraceful! And such language, too—such slang! That is the result of associating with those low farmer people."

"How dare you utter such a falsehood?" I cried angrily, the color mounting to my cheeks, and an almost uncontrollable longing in my heart to box my aunt's ears soundly.

"You shall better leave the room," she said, turning rather pale, partly, perhaps, from anger, and partly from fear.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," was my determined response. "You must listen to me for once, Aunt Janet. When your sister, my poor mother, died five years ago, and left me to a considerable extent at your mercy, begging me to be as a daughter to you, and you as a mother to me, she trusted implicitly in us both. I have fulfilled my promise to the utmost of my ability; you have done nothing of the kind. You have treated me as she would never have treated me—domineeringly, selfishly, cruelly."

"Go on," said my aunt, raising her eyebrows, but not attempting to look me in the face; "go on."

"Ask your own conscience if every word I utter is not the truth," I continued. "The instant the small income my mother left me was lost through the failure of the C—— Bank, you took a mean advantage of my poverty in every way you could.

"When I wished to seek employment as a governess, you declined to help me, and vowed you would place every obstacle in my way. You liked to have me as a butt for your ill-nature, as a companion whom you could abuse and insult at your pleasure.

"All this I have borne hitherto"—with a patient shrug—"more for the sake of my promise to my mother than anything else; but the time has come when I am resolved to put up with it no longer."

"You will be free soon, my very grateful niece," answered my aunt calmly, "for you will be the wife of Gerald Bumpkins before many weeks are over. Don't dare to say I have not done well for you when I have secured you a wealthy and devoted husband."

"I shall never, never be his wife," I cried defiantly. "Plot and scheme, and scheme and plot, as you may, I shall not submit to that."

My aunt smiled satirically.

"We shall see," she answered with an air of the most aggravating confidence. "Possibly you are not aware that I have let this cottage for twelve months, and that we leave here by the day after to-morrow. Change of air will do you good, my sweet niece.

"It may, perhaps, be news to you that I have had a long consultation with Mr. Gerald Bumpkins' father, and that he and I have arranged the marriage between you and his son."

"You must be mad!" I exclaimed, half aghast. "Arranged a marriage between young Bumpkins and me, and I not consulted in the matter!"

"There is nothing at all strange in the matter," said my aunt. "Marriages in the fashionable world are 'arranged' every day in the year, without consulting those who are to be united. Parents and guardians are the proper judges as to whom their precious charges should be joined in holy matrimony."

"Monstrous—wicked—impossible!" I exclaimed.

"We shall leave here," went on my aunt, "for the seaside. Your future husband and his family will shortly follow, and all will be settled with due regard to your station and high connections."

A shudder ran through me from head to foot; I felt like one who has been entrapped, and for whom there is no hope of escape. My aunt's cool confidence actually frightened me.

What was I to do?

I had read of unhappy maidens being forced into distasteful marriages and dying of broken hearts, and of the men they truly loved weeping pathetically over their early graves.

My aunt glanced up at me keenly when she thought I was not looking.

I was determined she should not see how alarmed I was.

"When did you say Mr. Bumpkins would be here?" I asked mildly, utterly ignoring her tirade as to our future fate.

"This evening—I expect him momentarily," she answered.

"Then I had better prepare myself to meet him," I responded in a resigned tone of voice, and rising from my seat I quitted the room.

When I had closed the door upon my aunt, the tears rushed to my eyes, and I felt blind and giddy. I did not tarry within doors even to put on my hat.

Bareheaded, I let myself out by the hall door, and flew to the little arbor at the bottom of the garden where I knew George awaited me.

I threw myself into his arms, sobbing like a child.

"My darling! what is the matter?"

"She is going to run away with me," I said convulsively; "she means to force me into marrying that wretch Bumpkins; oh, she—she—she——"

I broke down utterly.

"Who is going to do all this, my precious one?"

"The tigress!" I sobbed.

"Then the tigress must have her claws clipped," said George, holding me still closer to his sheltering breast.

When I had become a little calmer, I told him what Aunt Janet had said.

A few moments later I returned to the house—for I dared not stop with my darling many minutes for fear of detection—much relieved, and actually with a smile upon my face.

Mr. Bumpkins put in an appearance a few moments after my return to the drawing room. I never treated him with more affability in my life. My aunt looked charmed.

She left Mr. Gerald Bumpkins and me alone together for quite half an hour. He endeavored to grow sentimental, and I did not snub him; I let him talk rubbish to his heart's content.

But he was nervous and shy, and had not summoned courage enough to be very gushing before my aunt returned. I could see, however, that my manner had inspired him with more hope of me than he had ever felt before.

"I shall see you again to-morrow," he observed significantly as he warmly clasped my hand at parting.

"To-morrow, Mr. Bumpkins!" I said with my sweetest smile.

"'Mr. Bumpkins!' I wish you would call me Gerald!"

"Ah! some day, perhaps," I answered with a half shy little laugh, and made my escape from the passage, where this conversation took place, into the drawing-room.

My aunt opened the door for him after a little whispered conversation, and I heard her bid him good-night in her most friendly tones.

She actually patted me on the shoulder when she rejoined me, and called me "dear" several times during the remainder of the evening.

I stood it as well as I could, but soon made an excuse for retiring to rest.

Poor Gerald Bumpkins had said "to-morrow!" as he squeezed my hand, in anticipation of meeting me again on that early date.

My aunt had patted me on the back and called me "dear" in the fond belief that I was resigned to her plans and wishes.

Poor deluded creatures!

By the time the morrow's darkness had shrouded the land, George Temple and I were being whirled away at express speed in the direction of the great metropolis, and on the day following we were married by special license. In plain English, we eloped. It created quite a sensation in the neighborhood, but what mattered that to us?

Ten years have elapsed since then, and now I am a happy mother, and George the most devoted of husbands and fathers!

My aunt eventually grew resigned, but in her heart she never forgave me, and, I doubt not, has left me unmentioned in her will!

It may have seemed awful to some people that I eloped, but was not I driven to it?

STORY OF A PARASOL.—In the history of the umbrella is told a story of a beautiful fringed green-silk parasol of the time of the French Restoration.

One summer afternoon more than seventy years ago two pleasant looking people sat in rented chairs in the Champs watching the passers-by and enjoying the beautiful day. The gentleman looked as if he might be a prosperous tradesman; the young woman was beautifully dressed and very attractive in appearance.

When they rose to go away the gentleman found that he had no money. The woman who owned the chairs stormed and scolded, and denounced them as swindlers, until, to pacify her, the gentleman took the lady's parasol, an exquisite affair of green silk, fringe, and with a rosewood handle, and gave it to her. He handed her one of the lady's yellow gloves also, and said:

"Keep the parasol as a pledge of what I owe you, and do not give it up to any one unless he shows you the mate to that glove."

Then he and the lady walked away across the Place de la Revolution and the Boulevard de la Madeleine. Suddenly rain began to fall. There were no carriages passing. The couple hurried into a doorway.

Immediately the concierge of the house came out and invited them into his office. He gave them chairs, and offered them, if they did not wish to wait until the rain was over, the loan of his fine great green-serge umbrella. The gentleman accepted these attentions gratefully, and he and the lady made their way through the rain under the borrowed umbrella.

An hour later a footman in livery returned to the good-natured concierge his umbrella, with a gift of several bank-notes and the compliments of the Duc de Berri, nephew of the king.

Then going to the Champs Elysees, the footman sought out the ungracious renter of chairs, and, displaying a yellow glove, said, "You recognize this glove, madame? Here are eight sous, sent you by the Duc de Berri to redeem the Princess Caroline's parasol."

HE WALKED.—An employe of a large granite company was once driving from a railway station with several casks of blasting-powder and dynamite cartridges in his load, when he overtook a young man walking.

Without waiting for an invitation the pedestrian climbed into the wagon, and sat down upon one of the powder casks. He was a talkative young man, and began at once to make derogatory remarks about the speed of the wagon, or rather the lack of it.

"We're passing everything on the road," he said cheerfully—"that is, everything that is stationary."

Not receiving a reply, he continued:

"I had half a mind to hire a landslip or a glacier just for speed, you know, but I suppose we are doing about as well."

He was silent for some time; then he broke forth with:

"I say, stop the horse! The earth is revolving fast enough to get us there."

Just then he prepared to scratch a match on the cask. The driver said rather lazily:

"If you are goin' my way, this is just as fast as it will be; but, if you want to go straight up at right angles to the road, just light that match on that blasting-powder—and you're there now."

The young man decided to walk.

TRANQUILLITY.—A good man thus spoke: "The sources of all pleasures are in our heart; he who seeks them elsewhere outrages the Divinity. Truth is my compass, and moderation my helm. The clouds arise and the clouds descend in rain without causing me any inquietude. When they conceal the sun from me by day, I try to look at the stars by night. Golden roofs do not keep out sleeplessness and care; and were the country shaken by an earthquake, how easily I can gain my humble door! When it is I can gain my humble door! When it is can gain my humble door! When it is can gain my humble door! When it is

# Our Young Folks.

## THE TAIL SCHOOL.

BY L. O. C.

IT is not generally known that there is a Tail School. Most people suppose that cats wag their tails by nature.

The Tail School is usually kept by some respectable old cat—a grandmother is always preferred, as young cats have so little experience. School assembles in as quiet a place as can be found.

In the country, an open spot in a wood is the favorite place; but in London, cats are obliged to put up with a retired corner under a garden wall.

The mother cats bring their kittens, and wait from them till school is over. They could teach their kittens themselves, but it has been found that the kittens pay more attention and learn much faster in a class.

Imagine, then, a nice open space in a wood. The schoolmistress stands at one end, and her scholars sit in a row opposite to her; and first she gives them a short lecture on the origin and use of tails.

She explains that the possession of a tail is one of the marks of a high order of animals.

Oysters, flies, beetles, have no tails. Even the animals that have tails can, for the most part, do nothing with them—or nothing to speak of.

Very few animals have such perfect control over their tails as cats. In fact, with the cat the language of the tail has become a science.

Every emotion of the soul can be expressed by the tail—if only you know how. And you come to this Educational Establishment that you may know how.

Having thus briefly explained to the pupils what they have come to learn, the schoolmistress tells them to stand up.

She likes them to arrange themselves in a sort of semicircle, so that they are all in one row, and she can see them all.

I was once in a wood. The schoolmistress was a handsome elderly tabby, with a tail ringed like an opossum's, and eyes nearly as green as malachite, and when she was angry they got greener and greener—and she often was angry, for the kittens were very inattentive.

"Now, my dears!" she began briskly (for when you teach kittens you must be as lively as ever you can, or they will never fix their attention.)

"Now, my dears! look at me, and try to imitate what you see me do! Now—tails straight! The yellow kitten, two from the end, isn't paying the least attention; she's got her tail sticking out anyhow.

"Tails straight! I say, my dears, as straight as a line and as stiff as a poker! I'm sure you've all seen a poker, even if you're only kitchen-cats.

"We don't take stable-cats here! Now then, once more; Tails straight! Eyes right! Attention!"

The kittens all stood at attention, with their tails stuck bolt out behind them, and the mistress surveyed them critically.

"Tabby kitten with white paws, third from the left," she said, "tail not stiff enough. White kitten next her, tail too high. H'm, pretty well.

"Now—tails to the right! I said to the right, Miss White paws. Tails to the left! Right! Left! Two wags to the right!—two to the left! Tails straight! Pretty well, but not done in time.

"This is a tail drill; you must all move together like one kitten. Once more; tails to the right! Tails to the left! Tails straight!"

They all took breath, and the kitten with white paws gave a sly pat to a black kitten on the other side of her.

The black kitten stood on his hind legs, and looked about for a good place on White paws where he could attack her without getting scratched.

"Black kitten, go to the bottom of the class!" cried the schoolmistress, her eyes dreadfully green and her tail twitching snappishly. This was very unjust, as White paws began it.

The black kitten thought he would burst with his wrongs. But it was of no use to explain, so he went to the bottom, and thought how he would pay White paws out this as soon as school was over.

"Now then, kittens," called the schoolmistress, in that terribly brisk voice (why are schoolmistresses never tired?); "now, then! don't go to sleep! The lesson isn't half done yet. Now, tails straight! That's better.

"Lift tails. I will have it done in time! The black kitten at the end was half a minute after the others. Lift tails! That's it—up, up, stiffer—that's it! That's much better. Black kitten, not up high enough. tails up—keep them straight and stiff; never mind if they ache!"

They did ache, and the black kitten groaned. He was rather a cry-baby, and dreadfully spoiled at home, because he had a little brother that was caught in a trap and died. His tail ached so much that he mewed, but luckily the schoolmistress did not hear him.

"Curl tails!" she cried. "That won't do! Curl them prettily; let the tip droop; that's better; not so stiff. Forget all about your tails—think you smell fish on the table.

"How do your tails go when you smell fish? No; not up in the air; they go up in the air when you see fish. When you only smell it, they curl over a little—that's it—more careless—that's better! Sit down."

All the kittens obeyed this order instantly. Indeed, until you have tried it, you would not believe how trying these exercises are.

The schoolmistress looked round the class. "How awkwardly that light tabby sits!" she said.

"Her tail looks just like a bit of rope's end; curl it more. It's a very becoming attitude to lay the tips of the tail gracefully on the feet; but this should be done when you mean to sit still for some little time.

"When you have only just sat down for a minute, it's better to let the tail lie on the ground beside you in a slight curve. It shows off the tail to advantage, and it's not in the way when you want to jump up.

"Now; tails loose! Dont leave your tail a yard off!—you, I mean—the gray tabby with a blue ribbon on her neck. Draw it in a little; that's better."

Then she looked round on the class with approval, and the mother-cats sitting by began to purr. They had not liked to hear their children scolded.

"And now comes the most difficult part of the lesson," she said. "The wagging of tails" (here she half shut her malachite eyes, and putting her head a little on one side)—"the wagging of tails has in all ages been considered as the sign of anger; but this is not entirely correct.

"There is no doubt that the wagging of the tail is sometimes a sign of anger, but it is also a sign of other things. In fact, it is a sign of excitement of any kind, and you will observe that our cousins the lions wag their tails when they see the keeper bringing them their dinner.

"Any excitement makes me wag my tail. The tail being therefore called into requisition on very important occasions of our life, it is indispensable that we should learn its proper and effective use."

During this lecture the mother-cats listened with great interest; but I am sorry to say that most of the kittens did not understand a word of it; some of them went to sleep, and the rest began to play. Fortunately, their instructress had shut her eyes, the better to collect her thoughts, and did not see them.

"Go now, my dears, give me your whole attention," she said, opening her eyes again in time to see the black kitten plant his claw in White paws' ear.

"No playing; we must be serious, or we shall never learn how to wag our tails properly. Sit up in a natural attitude; don't think too much of how you're to sit—just sit comfortably—and now, think of something exciting; we'll say—Mice!"

She pronounced this word in a tone that made them all jump, but only the old cats really understood it—they began immediately to wag their tails; but the kittens, after giving one jump, only stared.

"Mice!" cried the schoolmistress. "Or since you seem to take a deal of rousing, shall I say rats! Now then, let your tails go! Wag tails!—the sandy kitten is staring at me, and not wagging his tail one bit!

"Wag—wag—harder—quicker. That won't do. I see I shall have to begin at the beginning, and you will have to do tail exercises till you gain flexibility."

The kittens only stared the more; not one of them knew what flexibility meant.

"Now, just as you are sitting, begin by wagging the tip of your tails; give it a little jerk—not so hard, White paws; you're not trying to get out of a trap—gently, but put a little meaning in it; don't be so sleepy! Let the tip flap gently on your toes—one, two, three, four.

"Now, as you get more angry, uncoil your tail and let it lie out nearly straight behind you, but not too stiff—stiffness is for pleasure—never forget that; the tail is hardly ever stiff in anger! Now, let the tail slowly move from right to left—quicker—quicker—quicker still—stop! We'll begin again properly, as the black kitten seems to have done playing."

The black kitten's mamma resolved to box his ears on the way home.

"Now, wag tips of tails—spread out tails—wag slowly—wag faster—wag faster still, lash tail s!"

By this time the kittens had got excited, and they did lash their tails till the dust flew, and the mother cats could stand it no longer, but began to lash their tails and to look about them for somebody to try their claws upon; for wagging your tail always makes you think of using your claws; and one of the mothers—she was very young—was so carried away that she ran to a tree and began sharpening her claws on the bark.

Indeed, discipline was at an end; the kittens were all tumbling over one another, and the black kitten was having it out with White paws.

So the schoolmistress dismissed the class, and the kittens all went home through the wood with their mothers.

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STRANGE AS FICTION.—Not very long ago there occurred at a London terminus a dramatic incident which those who witnessed it will not readily forget.

Among those leaving the train just in from the north was a distinguished-looking gentleman accompanied by a beautiful girl.

To take the train there came down the steps a burly policeman in plain clothes, and by his side was a former society favorite.

He had been convicted of forging a signature to valuable documents, and in spite of all influence brought to bear was now to serve his term in a convict prison.

A steel band was about the prisoner's wrist attached to another about the detective's. The two couples met.

"Oh, papa," exclaimed the young girl, as her face lighted up with pleasure, "here is George come to meet us after our long journey."

She rushed forward to meet the convict, and impetuously seized his hands. The shock that the manacles produced was positively frightful.

Her great eyes opened, he face blanched, she tried to speak but could not, and then she fell fainting into the arms of her father, who bore her to the carriage.

During this ordeal the convict was a pitiable-looking object. The girl was his fiancee, and had been in Scotland for some months, during which she could not understand his silence.

He uttered no word, but as he passed through the gate it was seen that his lower lip was covered with blood. In his agony of self control he had bitten through it.

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DOES MUSIC MAKE THE HAIR GROW?—As a result of a series of observations on the subject, a certain gentleman asserts that the music of some instruments is a very powerful hair tonic, while that of other instruments is equally effective in producing baldness.

Chief among the "hair retainers" is placed the piano, it claims being substantiated by the portraits of most living pianists of eminence, who all rejoice in most luxuriant locks.

Hardly less efficacious is the violin, although its influence seem somewhat less powerful than that of the piano; for among the players of this particular instrument the hair does not grow as luxuriant, and there are even a few cases of baldness.

The players of other instruments, such as the 'cello, contra-bass, the alto, and the harp, fall in with the general average of the learned professions; nearly about 12 per cent. of baldness.

The flute or clarionet will not preserve the hair beyond the fiftieth year, for after that time of life the players of these instruments usually become bald.

Brass instruments, on the other hand, are said to act as powerful depilatory agents, the cornet being the worst offender, while equally bad results are claimed for the French horn and the trombone—any of these three instruments being said to produce baldness in five years or less.

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IT often happens that more activity is a waste of time, that people who have a morbid habit of being busy are often terrible time-wasters, whilst, on the contrary, those who are judiciously deliberate, and allow themselves intervals of leisure, see the way before them in those intervals, and save time by the accuracy of their calculations.

## THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Virginia City has Chinese liquor dealers.

The world employs 105,000 locomotives.

Artificial ivory is made of condensed milk.

Cutting inkstands out of coal is a new industry.

In Paris the hours for calls are from three to six P. M.

Over 50,000 distinct vegetable species are known to botanists.

The oldest vegetable inhabitants of the globe are the baobab and the dragon's-blood tree.

Messrs. Tennant's chimney, at Glasgow, is the tallest chimney in the world, and stands 468 feet high.

The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark, which has been in use since the year 1219.

The street-car mule made his farewell appearance in New Orleans last week, and all traction lines now use electricity.

The bones of all flying birds are hollow and filled with air, thus combining the greatest strength with the greatest possible lightness.

Figs are plentiful and cheap in Matagorda county, Texas, and sanguine Texans hope to see the day soon when they will become one of the State's great crops.

Two boys of Haskell county, Kansas, recently applied a lighted match to a squirrel's tail to see if it would burn. The squirrel ran under the house, and the blazing tail soon set the building on fire.

It has just been discovered in Carthage, Mo., that one of the prominent butchers there has been getting at least a part of his supply of beef by stealing and killing cattle of neighboring pastures.

The baby hippopotamus in the Central Park Menagerie, New York, will not bear the name "Iris," which has been selected for it; nor will Dorothy, Agatha or Ella suit. It seems that James, William or Toby would be more appropriate.

An explosion of acetylene gas, used for lighting in a Lyons cafe, completely wrecked the cafe, severely injured three persons who were in it at the time, broke every pane of glass in the building, which is four stories high, and tore off the doors from their hinges on the first two stories.

The duration of sunshine in the various countries of Europe was recently discussed at a scientific meeting. It was shown that Spain stands at the head of the list, having on the average 3000 hours of sunshine per year, while Italy has 2300 hours, Germany 1700 hours and England 1400 hours.

Some experiments were recently made regarding the lighting of a field of battle with electric searchlights, but did not result favorably. It is suggested, however, that incandescent lights might be fitted to the helmets of the physicians and litter bearers in order to announce to be wounded the approach of help.

The pig, though greedy and omnivorous when kept in a sty, and a very foul feeder on the New Zealand runs, is most particular in its choice of foods when running wild in English woods. Its special dainties are underground roots and tubers, and is the only animal, except man, which appreciates and seeks for the truffle.

Austria's reports of the first year's experience with antitoxin serum is that out of 1100 cases of diphtheria treated, 970 recovered, a great improvement on the previous mortality. When the remedy was applied in the first two days of the sickness the percentage of deaths was only 6.7. Of 318 cases of preventive inoculation only twenty were attacked by the disease in a mild form and all recovered.

Among the thousands of telegrams received by the Duke and Duchess of York upon the birth of the young Prince was one from the captain and crew of the Faraday, which was, at that moment, in the middle of the Atlantic, engaged in laying a new cable to America. The end of the cable on board was attached to a signaling instrument, and by this they had received the news of the birth of an heir to the throne.

During the existence of the British Parliament it has passed about 20,000 statutes, of which about 600 are still in force. Of these 8300 were passed in Queen Victoria's reign, 151 date from Henry III. the first three Edwards and Richard II. 22 from the House of Lancaster, only 3 from that of York, 170 come from the Tudors, 69 from the Stuarts, 94 from William III and Anne, and 1152 from the four Georges and William IV.

At this season of the year, when the county fairs are holding sway all over the country, we naturally expect to hear of agricultural wonders; but the following account of a pumpkin vine at Vienna, Ind., exceeds the most sanguine expectation. The vine measures "over 75 feet in length, and has on it 25 full grown pumpkins, each the size of a half bushel." A singular feature of the production is the pumpkins are "exactly three feet apart from one end of the vine to the other, and all on one side."

### SUNSHINE.

BY M. L.

Keep sunshine ever in thine heart,
'Twill light thee on thy way;
Should any threatening clouds arise
'Twill chase them soon away;
'Twill nourish all the sweetest flowers
That bloom within thy breast;
Sweet Love will fold his silver wings,
And be thy constant guest.

Keep sunshine ever in thine heart,
'Twill light thee on thy way,
And make December seem to thee
As warm and bright as May;
'Twill bring to thee rich streams of joy
From many unknown springs—
Oh, who can tell the happiness
A wealth of sunshine brings!

### HOBBIES OF THE GREAT.

Music, in one form or another has been the hobby of many great men. Milton delighted to play upon the organ, and composed many fine chants to psalms. Gainsborough performed with no little skill on the violin. Many of the anxious and feverish hours of Luther were solaced by his flute. The great Reformer, however, had another favorite recreation in the shape of the game of skittles or ninepins. Probably the success attending his labors never gave him so keen an exhilaration of pleasure as did the knocking down of all the pins at a stroke.

Byron loved flowers, and kept his rooms constantly decked with them. He said that he drew from them his inspiration. In the latter years of his life he formed a great affection for dogs, and generally had some of them about him. A favorite one, on its demise, received the honor of a Byronic epitaph.

Many famous men have displayed a similar fondness for animals, and in not a few instances the animal chosen has been of a kind not usually connected with household pets.

Cardinal Richelieu found amusement in a collection of cats. The poet Cowper tamed hares and spent much of his time feeding and fondling them. Goethe made friends with an animal of far less inviting description. It is related of him that he rarely passed a day without bringing from a chimney corner a live snake, which he kept there, and caressed it like a bosom friend.

Hardly a more agreeable form was taken by Rembrandt, who became devoted to an ape. When he heard of this animal's death he was so overcome with grief that he introduced its figure into a group he was then engaged upon of a noble family. Needless to say, the family in question refused to recognise this unseemly addition to their numbers, and the painter declining to erase it, the picture was left on his hands. It is said to be still in existence.

More remarkable, almost, than any of these is the friendship which Pellisson made with a spider in order to beguile the tedium of solitary confinement in the Bastile. That a creature of this kind should show itself amenable to such influence is, perhaps, more to be wondered at than that a man so placed should desire to tame it.

James I. was another lover of animals, but he does not seem to have confined his favors to any particular variety. He kept a private menagerie in St. James' Park, wherein all manner of beasts were gathered together and tended with scrupulous care. Sables, white gyrfalcons of Iceland, and flying squirrels were, we are told, among the most highly prized specimens in this collection.

About the year 1629 the King of Spain obtained the good offices of his Majesty by the diplomatic presentation of an elephant and five camels. The former of these appears to have been a somewhat costly visitor to entertain. He required two Spanish keepers as well as two English ones for his sole service, and a "breefe noate what the chardges of the elephant and his keepers are in the yeare" sets the figure at £275 and 12 shillings ($1,378). This computation, however, does not seem to have covered the entire expense, for the "brief noate" is supplemented by the following: "Besides, his keepers affirme that from the month of September until April he must drink (not water) but wyne—and from April unto September he must have a gallon of wyne the daye."

Apart from animals, the vagaries of great men have taken many singular forms. Beethoven was possessed with a continual desire to change lodgings. Hardly was he installed in one set of apartments than he would discover some defect in them and set about searching for others. What a field is there here, surely, for the enterprising tourist! He would be an unlucky man, indeed, who should fail to unearth at least one of the great composer's many abodes.

So great was the enthusiasm of the French astronomer, La Caille, in the cause of science that he restricted himself for the ordinary purposes of life to the use of one eye, reserving the other solely for his telescope. It is almost incomprehensible that a man should thus voluntarily deprive himself of one of his most useful members; but it is recorded that by these means he was able to achieve many interesting results, and we may, therefore, presume that he considered himself sufficiently rewarded.

Perhaps, however, the most potent motive actuating eccentricities has been the consideration of health. A strange mania was that of Ferdinand II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, who died in the year 1670. He was frequently seen by his biographer pacing up and down his room between two large thermometers, upon one or the other of which he would keep his eyes constantly fixed while unceasingly employed in taking off and putting on a variety of skull caps of different degrees of warmth, according to the variation of heat and cold registered by the instruments.

Another man with a curious fondness for skull caps was the Abbe de St. Martin, who in the seventeenth century made himself very ridiculous by his vagaries. He always wore nine of these articles to keep off the cold, and, furthermore, nine pairs of stockings.

His mode of passing the night was more remarkable still. He caused to be constructed for himself a bed of bricks, beneath which was a furnace so arranged that he could regulate it to the degree of warmth he might require, and his bed was fitted with only a very small opening, through which the abbe used to creep when he retired to rest at night.

Even more ludicrous was the contrivance which the great French mathematician, Fourier, designed and used for the protection of his health. He encased himself in a species of box, the interior of which by some mechanical means was kept at the only temperature at which he felt he could live without inconvenience.

## Grains of Gold.

The sum of all science: Perhaps.

Wisdom often comes to us too late in life to be of much service to us.

Have not the cloak to make when it begins to rain.

Whenever we do wrong, something good in us dies.

A bad man can have no possessions that are fire proof.

The sum of all morality: Love what is good, and practice it.

Our vanity consoles itself by deploring the infirmities of our friends.

We increase the sum of our losses when we lose our temper over them.

If it is riches we want, we will never find them by simply getting money.

Let a vote be taken to determine who is the wisest man, and every fool will vote for himself.

The supreme happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved; loved for ourselves, rather, loved in spite of ourselves.

## Femininities.

She: I should like to see any man try to kiss me! He: No doubt; you shouldn't admit it.

She: What do you think of my portrait? He: Sincerely, it is not beautiful—but the likeness is perfect!

He, indignantly: I hope I know my mind! She, sweetly: Yes! You surely ought to know as much as that!

A Chinese sect teaches that women who become vegetarians will be transformed into men in the great hereafter.

A married woman in Calhoun county, Michigan, teaches a district school at $10 a month, boards herself and does the janitor work.

Father: Yes—I admit that your suitor has a good income; but he has very expensive tastes—very.

Daughter: You amuse me! What does he ever want that is so very expensive?

Father: Well, you, for one thing.

Workman: Mr. Brown, I should like to ask you for a small rise in my wages. I have just been married. Employer: Very sorry, my good man, but I can't help you. For accidents which happen to our workmen outside the factory the company is not responsible.

A pretty present for a busy woman is a white slate framed in gold, with a pencil suspended to it. This hangs beside her dressing case, and upon it each morning she writes what she expects to do during the day, and she is a happy woman if she completes what she has set out as her duty.

A German young woman named Elizabeth Opitz has just married a Japanese noble, Viscount Seistro Matsudara, son of the last feudal Lord of Schimadara, near Nagasaki, and a pupil in the Forestry School at Eberswalde. This is the first marriage between a German and a Japanese of princely rank.

The young Countess of Warwick has devised a new outdoor game called "lawn billiards." The lawn is laid out like an immense billiard table, with banks of sod for cushions. The balls are of celluloid and are hollow, while the cues are short-handled mallets. The game is said to be very interesting but quite difficult, and it may prove a formidable rival to tennis.

Ladies in Denmark are taking very kindly to cycling, and some of them have done great things in the way of setting and beating road records. The principal Danish bicycle club boasts about thirty lady members, some of whom are very graceful riders. The fashion is spreading to the provinces, where one may even see peasant women riding their safeties.

Among the peculiar customs of Mexico is one which makes it particularly incumbent upon engaged young men to go shopping for their sweethearts before the ceremony takes place which unites them as one. Young men go up to the city of Mexico from interior towns, and lay in a stock of finery for their prospective wives in the most natural and matter-of-fact way.

Two young women hold licenses to command steamers on the Mississippi river, Captain French and Captain Leathlen. The latter is a good pianist, and embroiders beautifully. It is confidently asserted that these gallant young captains remain steadily at their posts through fair and foul weather, the sound of the fog-horn at night exciting no other feeling than that of increased vigilance.

The Queen of Italy is this year causing several hundred rations of nourishing food to be distributed daily to poor families in Rome; not only meat, but the fire to cook it by, are lacking in many a household, and the supply of warm broth and bouill is an unspeakable boon. Her Majesty has confided the distribution of this excellent charity in great part to the hands of the many religious sisterhoods of various orders, who have a personal knowledge of the poor, their needs, and their characters.

After more than a century since her death, Flora Macdonald, whose resolute daring in accomplishing the escape of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" cost her imprisonment and nearly her life, is to receive her long delayed memorial, one of her descendants having commissioned a stained glass window in her honor, to be erected in the Isle of Skye, the home of the Macdonalds. Hitherto a simple monument in Kilmur churchyard alone records Flora's courage and devotion, and the romance which surrounds her history.

A teacher relates the following incident of a boy's quick thought. He had asked the meaning of the word miss.

"To miss," I told him, "is the same as to fail. You shoot at a bird or at a mark and do not hit it; you miss it. You go to a tailor's for a coat, and your coat fits badly; it is a misfit. You hope to enter the middle class next year, but you cannot pass the examination, and so you miss the promotion."

His face wore a puzzled air, and he shook his head.

"Then," said I, "there is another meaning of miss. We call a married woman madam, but an unmarried woman miss."

His face brightened. He smiled and nodded. "Ah, I see," said he; "she has missed her man."

## Masculinities.

The sleepy girl doesn't always look like a dream.

The best tempered man in the world can't prevent his hair from having a falling out.

The Portuguese say that no man can be a good husband who does not eat a good breakfast.

"Who was the best man at the wedding?" "The bride's mother, as near as I could judge."

What is the difference between a belle and a burglar?—One wears false locks, and the other false keys.

There is to be established in London a professional football team, which is to be in the form of a limited liability company.

Mr. Garrard, of the zoological department of the British Museum, has just retired of his own accord, after sixty-five years of continuous service.

"Bobbie, I should think you were too old to allow your mother to put you to bed at night." "Pooh! That's nothing. Father is a good deal older than I, and she puts him to bed every morning."

Ab Wright, an old farmer of Banks, Ga., recently found an old iron pot containing $7000. It is supposed to be part of a sum received by a slave dealer who died without revealing the hiding place of his wealth.

Malmaison, formerly the residence of Empress Josephine, is about to be sold. The chateau is in a dilapidated condition, and has of late years been occupied by a weaver, who worked at his trade in what has been called the Trianon of the consulate.

A St. Petersburg editor has hit upon the notion of printing his journal on paper suitable for making cigarettes. It is said that its circulation has been largely increased by this means, as the Russians are much given to smoking cigarettes, which they make themselves.

Helen, looking over fashion magazine: Now, who do you suppose would be seen in such a horrid immodest bicycle suit as this?

Edith: That? Why, that's a bathing suit!

Helen: Oh! Isn't it just too lovely for anything! Let's see how it's made.

Army surgeons say that the expression of the faces of soldiers killed in battle reveal the cause of death. Those who have perished from sword wounds have a look of repose, while there is an expression of pain on the countenance of those slain by bullets.

There is a proposal to introduce a beard tax into Italy. The field for the operation of the impost is a considerable one in that country, as the taxes paid seem to exceed the possible earnings of many of the poorer people, and beards flourish owing to the cost of shaving.

Verona, in Italy, boasts of a pair of twin sheep, each having six legs. The extra legs are hind ones of the same size as the normal ones, though they do not reach to the ground. The owner will not sell them to a museum, as he thinks he can make more out of them as mutton.

There are at least 200 people walking the streets of San Francisco, according to a paper of that city, in good health and likely to live many years, who have already arranged the details of their funerals. They have selected the coffin in which they will be buried and paid cash for the same, as well as for the burial plot, hearse, etc.

A barber of North Adams, Mass., advertises as follows—"Physiognomical hairdresser, facial operator, cranium manipulator, and capillary abridger. Shaving and hair cutting ambidextrously done. Shampooing on physiological principles. New process of singeing artistically performed. Diminutive craniums a speciality.

An article in a Swedish magazine on Marshal Lefebvre and his wife, the celebrated Madame Sans Gene, gives a story which shows that the Marshal as well as his wife had a pretty wit. Being greatly annoyed once by the boasting of a young aristocrat about his ancient descent, the Marshal said: "Monsieur, since you are so great an admirer of ancestors look at me. I am an ancestor."

Czar Nicholas II has decided to commemorate his arrival in France, and particularly his disembarkation at Cherbourg. At the Czar's command Grand Duke Alexis, the Admiral of the Russian fleet, has ordered Boguboff, the Russian marine painter, to visit that port with two of his scholars in order to put upon canvas the interesting scenes in the harbor attending the Czar's arrival.

Clarence Gordon, whose experience in the New York East side House Settlement has given him an opportunity to study boy nature, suggests the following list of books as very attractive to the average boy: "Story of a Bad Boy," "The Spy," "Two Years Before the Mast," "Boys of '76," "Little Men," "Jack Alden," "Jack Hall," "Twenty Years at Sea," "Pony Tracks," "Cudjo's Cave," "The Book of Athletes," "How to Get Strong," "Hero Tales from American History," "Life of Franklin," "Man-of-war Life," "Captains of Industry," "Abraham Lincoln," "Boys' Book of Sports," "George Washington."

## Latest Fashion Phases.

Every year shows a variety of long and short wraps, especially for fall and winter, when there is social gayety as well as cold weather to be provided for. There are the usual number of long, loose mantles for evening wear, made of rich materials and made very full or with plaits. They are frequently adorned with capuchons and have immense sleeves coming from underneath the side plaits.

Some sort of sleeve arrangement is a necessity with these ample, enveloping garments; otherwise the wearer is practically a prisoner and cannot lift a hand without raising the entire wrap, which is a slow and awkward proceeding. The sleeves are bordered with passementerie or fur, or whatever trims the body of the wrap.

There are also capes similar to those which have been worn for some time, and others, newer and somewhat longer, for both evening and day wear. One of the latest models is of very thick woolen goods with a hairy surface, on which are applications of smoother cloth in a complicated design and contrasting color.

A style of trimming which is common to long and short mantles, capes and jackets, is a sort of square epaulet of fur, rather long and hanging like a species of pelerine. Pelerines and large, square collars of fur are very much a la mode, or will be as soon as the weather permits.

These as well as entire capes will be made of sable, skunk or other fur. What kind of fur will predominate during the winter it is not yet possible to say positively, but it is unlikely that sable has yet worn out its welcome, being beautiful and becoming.

A neat jacket is of gray cloth. It is quite short and is straight in front, while in the back it is close fitting. The sleeves are very moderate in size, and there is no fullness in the basque except immediately at the back, where a short strap is carried across at the waist line. The double breasted front fastens with long, covered buttons. The edge of the jacket, collar and revers is finished with black cording, and trefoil cording adorns the front and the sleeves.

Cloth, which will be very much worn this winter, requires to be very carefully handled in order to have the best effect. It ought never to be sewed, stitched, ironed or ripped against the nap. Cloth, velvet and plush are alike in their demands in this respect. They all have an "up and down" that should be as sedulously regarded as that of figured goods. All the basting should be done from the top downward, with a fine needle and cotton, and the end of the thread should have no knot. In removing the basting each stitch should be cut separately and pulled outward, not lengthwise. In basting velvet and plush silk takes the place of cotton thread.

If it becomes necessary to rip any part of the seams, a very sharp penknife should be used. Beginning at the top, the two sides should be drawn apart and each stitch cut very carefully to avoid scarring the goods.

The seams of all woolen goods may be pressed very flat, indeed rendered almost invisible, if they are moistened a little on the wrong side. A small piece of the material should be dampened and pressed first, however, to ascertain if water will change the color. The flatiron must not be rubbed on the seam, as that produces a polish on the right side. It must be simply pressed on and allowed to remain until the moisture has all evaporated.

It will not do to iron velvet or plush in the ordinary sense of the word. The only way to press seams in these materials is to stand the flatiron on its end, and, holding the seam by its two ends, draw the wrong side of it across the point of the iron, stretching the seam as much as possible.

Wrinkles and stitch marks may be removed from velvet or plush by holding the goods, drawn tight, with its wrong side exposed to steam. After the crushed pile has risen again the wrong side of the material may be drawn across the face of a warm iron.

An outdoor bolero is made en suite with the gown. The material is black velvet, the trimming consisting of red and black beaded passementerie. The revers are of black and red changeable goods, as is the skirt, which is of a new cut, having a seam in the middle of the tablier. Around the foot is a bias band of black velvet, headed by black ostrich feather trimming. The corselet is of black velvet.

The straight sack is going to make a tremendous effort for popularity this winter. For several seasons it has been hovering on the horizon and attempting to introduce itself to favorable notice, but so far it has not met with much success. Here and there a woman who has a large wardrobe and a fancy for novelties has tried the sack for the sake of variety, but, as a rule, it has been ignored. Now there are symptoms that it will be seriously taken up, and there are a variety of models shown. Some are plain and straight, some are plaited, some have organ folds and some a watteau back.

Yokes or lengthwise bands of passementerie often form a finish and pampilles of jet, beads or spangles alternate with straps or bands of fur. The collar also is trimmed with fur, the band continuing down the front with a stole or boa effect. The sleeves are rather large at the lower part and are adorned with variously shaped cuffs.

The fall importations of hats show many fine felts, the brim slightly lifted or bent, in all possible shades. They are trimmed profusely with ostrich feathers and have often some sort of upright ornament of a striking character.

The materials which will be worn in the near future are already indicated by the signs of the times. Broche silk, velvet and satin will be favored among silken fabrics and smooth cloths and rough and hairy goods among woolen ones.

This hairy effect will be seen in both plain and fancy weaves, including plaids. The latter have enjoyed much greater favor in France than elsewhere, the American fancy having lately been inclined to particularly slight them.

A handsome walking costume is of violet cloth. The front is cut in panels, which are edged with mauve silk and which are separated by plaited fans of black taffeta. The blouse bodice of plaited black taffeta has a sort of plastron and berths of violet cloth edged with mauve silk.

Small cloth tabs form a basque, and the belt is also of cloth. The renaissance sleeves of mauve silk have draped puffs of black taffeta. There is a full ruche of mauve gauze bordered with black taffeta. The hat, of black Neapolitan braid, is trimmed with violet ribbon and lilies of the valley, with their foliage.

## Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Here is a receipt for making a sauce which is delicious to serve with meats throughout the winter: To each pound of Damson plums add a half cupful of sugar, one-half ounce each of cinnamon, mace and cloves, tie the spices in a bag. Remove the stones from the plums and boil until it becomes thick like a jam.

The best way to clarify fruit juices in making jellies is to pass the fruit juice through filter paper laid in a funnel. If filter paper is not at hand, soak unsized paper to a pulp. Wash it in several waters, press it dry and spread it on a small sieve and drain the juice through it. If orange, lemon or other fruit juices are first clarified it will often obviate the necessity of straining the jelly.

Quince marmalade is a good thing to have on the cellar shelf. Here is an excellent receipt for making it: Pare, core and cut into pieces the fruit. Put the skins and cores into a kettle, cover them with water and boil thirty minutes, or until tender; strain off the water through a colander, and as much pulp as will pass without the skins. To this add the rest of the fruit and three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Boil it until it becomes a jelly-like mass. Wash the fruit as much as possible. It may be colored red if desired, with cochineal. Turn it into glasses and put in a cool place. Serve the marmalade cut in slices.

Verdigris on brass trays may be removed by rubbing with a strong solution of oxalic acid; if, however, this is not efficacious, use a little whiting, so as to scour off the stain. Be careful that the oxalic acid does not touch your fingers or it will burn them. Afterward wash the tray with hot, soapy water, using a soft brush. Should the surface be very dirty add a little soda to the water. Take the tray out of the soapy water, pour boiling water over it, and allow it to stand for an hour. Dry with a soft cloth.

Take a fresh lemon, cut it in half, and rub the tray vigorously with it. This will be found to brighten the brass well. Should any stains remain rub them with lemon dipped into fine table salt. Polish with a leather, and you will find the tray equal to new again. If trays are cleaned regularly they are no trouble, but it is often difficult to get stains out with one application.

Oyster Salad.—Take three dozen oysters and set on the fire, to scald in their own liquid; add a pinch of salt. When done, drain, and let cool. Put crisp lettuce leaves in a salad bowl, lay the oysters in; pour over a teacupful of mayonnaise dressing. Garnish with celery tops, and serve very cold.

Potato Pudding.—Half a pound of mashed potatoes, two ounces of butter, one egg; one small teacupful of milk, a pinch of salt, two ounces of sugar, juice and rind of half a lemon. Have the potatoes nicely boiled, and dry mash them, and add the butter; then the salt and sugar; then the lemon rind (grated), and the juice. Beat up the egg, and pour the milk among it; stir it in among the other things. Pour it in a pudding dish, and put in the oven for about half an hour.

Madeline Cake.—Put in a pastry dish half a pound of fine sugar, half a pound of sifted flour, six eggs, and a wineglassful of brandy. Mix with a wooden spoon, then add half a pound of melted butter, and mix carefully, but not more than is necessary to incorporate it with the paste. Pour into one large or a dozen small, well-buttered moulds, and bake in a moderate oven.

Coffee Cake.—Half a cupful of brown sugar (white will do), half a cupful of butter, half a cupful of treacle, half a cupful of strong coffee, two cupfuls of flour, one egg, teaspoonful of all kinds of spice, half a teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of raisins (chopped fine), one cupful of currants, half a cupful of citron. Brown one of the cupfuls of flower in the oven a light brown.

Oyster Filling for Patties.—Brown a tablespoonful each of flour and butter together; pour on slowly one-half cup of oyster liquor and one-quarter cup of hot milk. Season with salt and pepper, and add a teaspoonful of essence of anchovies. Add a cup of parboiled and drained oysters, and fill the patty cases.

Onions with White Sauce.—Boil the onions in three changes of salted water. By doing this a great deal of the strong flavor is avoided. Then put them in a baking dish, cover with white sauce and buttered crumbs, and bake quickly until the crumbs are brown. Serve in the dish in which they are baked, covering the outside of it with a napkin folded diagonally and pinned tightly.

Apple Cake.—Place a thin layer of short paste on a round baking sheet, pinch up the edge with the fingers, so as to make a little ledge, sprinkle with sugar. Peel and cut in two some large cooking apples, remove the cores, slice thin, and arrange in circles around the paste, one slice overlapping the other. Sprinkle with ground cinnamon and sugar. Bake forty minutes in a moderate oven. When cool, divide in eight or more pieces; dish up, after sprinkling again with sugar.

Orange Cake.—Three whole eggs and the yolks of two, two cupfuls of sugar; then add the juice and the grated rind of an orange, two and a half cupfuls of flour (well sifted), a little salt, a teaspoonful of lemon extract, half a cupful of water, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one of soda. Bake in three long jelly tins. Frosting. Beat the whites of two eggs, add juice and grated rind of an orange, two and a half cupfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Put between each layer of cake and on top.

Cream of Rice.—A delicious dainty for desert is called "cream of rice." It is made by sweetening a pint of milk to taste, in which has been thoroughly mixed two tablespoonfuls of ground rice. Flavor with a little vanilla, and stir over the fire till the mixture thickens. When it has sufficiently cooled, mix in half a pint of whipped cream and pour it all into a mould which has a cavity in the centre. As soon as it becomes firm, turn it out on a glass or fancy dish, fill the opening with stoned prunes which have been stewed in a little claret, and place a few spoonfuls of whipped cream on top.

Rolled Pork.—Four pounds of pork, one pig's tongue, sage, onions, pepper. Take a piece of pork, the thin part of the belly; it should be about eight or nine inches broad, and rather more than that long; take out the bones and flatten it a little; get a good pig's tongue; both should have been salted for a few days; sprinkle on the pork a few leaves of sage chopped finely, and a middling sized onion chopped, also some pepper; roll the tongue up in the middle of the pork into a nice roll; bind it outside with a long slip of calico, rolled neatly round and tightly; put it on covered with cold water, and boil gently four or five hours; allow it nearly to become cold in the water; when quite cold remove the bandage.

Almond Jumbles.—Beat half a pound of butter to a cream, with half a pound of loaf sugar pounded fine; mix with a pound of flour and a quarter of a pound of almonds, blanched and shred fine, or beaten to a paste, with the juice of a lemon; work it well together, roll it out, then cut into small round cakes, and bake them in a quick oven.

Brown Pudding.—Two eggs, their weight in flour and butter, the weight of one in sugar; beat the butter to a cream with the sugar, add the eggs well beaten, stir in the flour, then stir in two tablespoonfuls of raspberry jam or jelly. Just before putting the pudding into the mould, beat in half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Boil or steam for an hour and three quarters. Leave plenty of room for the pudding to rise in the mould. Serve with wine or sweet sauce. If preferred, put two tablespoonfuls of nice treacle or golden syrup, with half a teaspoonful ground ginger, instead of raspberry jam.

Pork Chops and Tomato Sauce.—Take a few pork chops, not too thickly cut; take out the bones and trim off some of the fat to make them a neat shape. Put a teaspoonful of dripping into a frying pan to get quite hot; put in the chops and fry them about eight minutes, turning them often. Take them off the pan as soon as they are ready, and keep them hot; then have the tomato sauce ready. Put two small tomatoes, cut up in very small pieces, in a saucepan, with an onion (finely chopped), a teaspoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of flour, salt and pepper to taste, and a teacupful of water. Let the whole steam or boil for twenty minutes, then strain it into a dish, and put the chops neatly on the top of it. Tomatoes take the heavy taste of pork away. The bones should be put to make a little pea or potato soup. The sauce may be used without straining.

Sultana Cake.—Three quarters pound flour, quarter pound sultana raisins, quarter pound butter, one teaspoonful essence lemon, six ounces sugar, two ounces orange peel, two eggs, one teaspoonful baking powder, milk. Put the flour in a basin, and rub the butter carefully into it. Wash and dry the raisins, and add them, then the sugar, then the orange peel (cut in thin slips), the baking powder, and the essence of the lemon, mixing all well. Separate the yolks and whites of the eggs, putting the yolks in a small basin and the whites on a plate, beat the yolks, and mix with them a teaspoonful of milk, and pour this among the ingredients in a basin, which should be just wet like a stiff paste. With a clean knife beat the whites of the eggs up very stiffly, and add them last of all, mixing them gently in; then pour all into a well-greased cake tin, and bake for a hour and a half, but the time depends upon the heat of the oven. This is a small cake, but you can double or triple the amounts of the ingredients if you wish a larger one."

Sponge Pudding.—Rub six ounces of butter or beef dripping into a pound of dry flour, into which a level dessertspoonful of ground ginger and six ounces of brown sugar have been mixed; dissolve two level teaspoonfuls of carbonate of soda in half a pint of milk, making it smooth and free from lumps before adding to the flour. Beat all together into a batter and pour into a buttered basin. Allow the pudding plenty of room to swell in the cloth, which it does considerably; plunge into very fast boiling water, and keep boiling two hours and a half. Turn it out, and serve with wine sauce; but some prefer to eat it dry.

Pikelets.—One and a half ounces of yeast, a little flour, a quart of warm milk, a cupful of melted butter, a little salt. Time to bake, five minutes after the top is blistered. Make the milk warm, and stir it into the yeast with a little salt. Add a sufficient quantity of flour to make it into a batter. Set it to rise for half an hour; then add a cupful of melted butter. Stir it well in, pour into iron rings previously placed on a hot plate, and bake them very lightly on both sides. When required, toast them on each side, taking care they do not burn, butter them nicely, cut them across and put them upon a hot plate, serving them quickly hot.

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Knowledge of the world is not a gift which a kind divinity would care to bestow upon a woman. They know enough of the cares of life without being initiated into its vices and its shadows.

# A Singular Guest.

MR. HENRY APPS of Hoxton, compisted the fixing of the wires on the lawn of Hasleigh Court. He looked up at the dim light in the dressing room, and chuckled softly as he bent the last yard of wire.

"A trip in time," said Mr. Apps, "gives nine."

He threw the rope ladder gently in the air, and at the first effort it caught the projecting nail.

"Once on board the lugger," quoted Mr. Apps, facetiously, as he mounted the rope ladder, "and the gurl is mine."

He opened the window very gently and soon stood inside the dressing room. Near the table in the corner of the room was an iron safe.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" exclaimed Mr. Apps. He loosened the flaps of his fur cap and mopped his brow with the back of his hand.

"Well, I'm jiggered! If they 'aven't been and left the key in for me. I might have sived myself a lot of trouble if I'd a knowed."

Mr. Apps swung open the heavy door of the safe and listened to the music downstairs.

Young Lady Staplehurst was giving (as Mr. Apps very well knew) a dance, a fancy dress dance, on her return from the Continent, after her term of widowhood.

"I'll jest see, first of all," he said, "that the coast is absolutely clear, and then—then for a bagful."

Mr. Henry Apps stepped out into the broad passage. He slouched, with his jemmy sticking out of his capacious side pocket, a few steps toward the stairs. Suddenly a girlish figure turned the corner.

"Bless my 'art!" cried Mr. Apps.

"Why how do you do?" said the young lady, stepping forward. She gave a soft laugh that was very pleasant. "This is really delightful. Do you know I recognised you at once, in spite of your costume."

She held the hand of Mr. Apps for a moment, causing that gentleman to gasp for breath, and called one of the maids.

"Just bring me a pencil and a card," she said. "I must arrange for a carriage to take Captain Norman back to his hotel in the morning. I wasn't sure that he would come."

"I can walk," remarked Mr. Apps, with restored self-possession.

"I won't hear of it. When shall we say, now?"

"Say in an hour's time," said Mr. Apps. "I can go upstairs again alone, change my togs, and do all I want to."

"And can't you stay longer?"

She gave the card to the maid, and ordered it to be dispatched at once.

"I've got a busy night before me," urged Mr. Apps excusingly. He thought of his dog waiting on the lawn, and feared it might give an inopportune bark.

Besides, the safe was still open and the diamonds were waiting for him. He had noticed with satisfaction Lady Staplehurst was wearing none.

"You were always an active man, Captain."

"Always a-doing something," agreed Mr. Apps. "If it isn't one thing it's another." He shook his head reflectively. "I of'en wonder I don't write a book about it all."

"I don't believe you will know anybody here, Captain Norman," she said, as they walked down stairs; "but I couldn't help sending you a card, seeing how friendly we were on the Peshawur. Do you remember those evenings on deck in the Red Sea?"

She was really a very fine young woman, and in her costume she looked extremely well.

"Do I not?" said Mr. Apps, with much fervor. "Shall I ever forget 'em."

"And then the journey from Brindisi, you know; and that funny little German—you remember him?"

"He was a knock out, that German was."

"And the girl who played the banjo, and ——"

"It was great," agreed Mr. Apps—"great."

The large ball-room was very full. A small covey of brightly dressed young people flew toward the young hostess to complain of her temporary absence from the room and a broad-shouldered Gondolier shook hands with her and took up her card with something of an air of proprietorship.

"I thought I had left the key in the—excuse me." The young hostess took back her card from the Gondolier. "I am engaged to Captain Norman. You don't know him? Allow me."

"Pleased to meet you," said Mr. Henry Apps. "'Ow's the world using you?"

"That's an original costume of yours, Captain Norman," remarked the Gondolier. "I don't know that I've ever seen anything so daringly real before."

"Well, wot of it?" demanded Mr. Apps, with sudden aggressiveness—"wot's the odds to you wot I like to wear? You needn't think you're——"

"Captain Norman," interposed the young hostess laughingly, "you mustn't overdo the part. Look here, I've put your name down for this waltz, but if you like we'll sit it out—that is, if you promise to keep up that diverting East End talk. I like it. Do you think you can manage to do so?"

"Ra-ther!" said Mr. Apps.

"And it is a capital make-up, Captain Norman," she went on. "Do you know that at first, just for one moment, I thought you were a real burglar."

"Fancy that, now!" said Mr. Apps. He was relieved at seeing an obvious way out of his difficulty. "There's nothing like doing the thing in a proper, strite forward w'y."

"And," said Lady Staplehurst, with her fan on his arm, as they walked across the room, "you have got the East End accent capitally."

"'Ta'nt so dusty, is it?"

She beckoned to the Gondolier.

"Captain Norman and I are great friends," she said, in an explanatory way. "He has not been long home from abroad, and he knows scarcely any one."

"Not a blessed soul," echoed Mr. Apps.

"You must let me show you round a bit, Captain Norman," said the Gondolier, with determined geniality. "Can you come round to my club one night this week?"

"Whaffor?" demanded Mr. Apps suspiciously.

"Why, to dine! Say Thursday."

"'Eavens knows where I shall be on Tuesday," said Mr. Apps. "I don't."

"You must consider me at your disposal if you require any introductions. I know a good lot of people, and any friend of Lady Staplehurst's——"

"Oh, come off the roof," said Mr. Apps, with much discontent; "wot's the use of torking?"

"Isn't it capital?" asked Lady Staplehurst of the Gondolier, delightedly. "How much more interesting it would be if every one would talk to me in their character."

Lady Staplehurst rose with something of hurry in her manner and spoke to Henry VIII.

"What regiment do you belong to, Captain Norman?" asked the Gondolier.

"Find out," said Mr. Apps.

"Am I too curious? I know very little of the army, I'm afraid." The Gondolier was resolved to be agreeable to Lady Staplehurst's friend.

"I always dodge the army nights in the House. I suppose you know several of the Service members?"

"I know as many as I want to know," said Mr. Apps evasively. "A man in my position of life 'as to be a bit careful who he mixes up with."

The hostess returned from Henry VIII.

"I can make nothing of this man," whispered the Gondolier to her, as he rose. "I think he's silly."

"If you knew his qualities you wouldn't speak of him like that." She resumed her seat by the side of Mr. Henry Apps.

"Well, blow me!" said Lady Staplehurst, screwing her pretty mouth in her effort to imitate the Cockney's accent; "blow me if this ain't a fair take—I mean like dahn," she laughed. "It's of no use, Captain Norman, I can't talk as you can."

"It's a gift," said Mr. Apps, "that's what it is."

"You don't want to be introduced to anybody here, I suppose?"

"Not me."

"You have heard of——"

She pointed in the direction of the Gondolier.

"All I want to."

"He's really making a big name in the House, you know. I watch his career with great interest."

"Thinks a jolly lot of himself."

"Oh, I think a lot of him, too," remarked Lady Staplehurst pleasantly "And is that a jemmy sticking out of your jacket pocket? This is, indeed, realism. You don't know how it works, I suppose?"

"Well, I've got a kind of hides," said Mr. Apps. "Look 'ere. You put this end in and——"

Mr. Apps found himself getting quite excited in the explanations that he gave.

It was a new sensation to meet one who showed an intelligent interest in his profession, and he could not help feeling flattered. Looking up, he saw the Gondolier gazing at him.

"He don't look 'appy, that chap," said Mr. Apps.

"Will you excuse me for one moment?"

"Wot are you going up to, miss?" he said apprehensively.

"I want to speak to him."

"Oh!" (with relief) "I don't mind that."

While Lady Staplehurst was making the Gondolier resume his ordinary expression, Mr. Apps thought and thought. The couples promenading after the waltz looked curiously at him.

"It's the rummiest show you was ever in, 'Enery," said Mr. Apps; "you're a 'aving 'em on toast, you are; but you'll be glad to get upstairs agen. You want them diamonds, that's wot you want. Time means money to you, 'Enery."

Lady Staplehurst hurried toward the doorway. A murmur of amusement went through the room as the guests saw a new arrival in the costume of a police constable, accompanied by a man in plain clothes.

Mr. Apps, thinking over his exploits, gazing abstractedly at his boots, regretting their want of polish, did not see them until the plain clothes man tapped him on the shoulder.

"What, Apps again?" exclaimed the man.

"Yus," said the burglar, discontentedly. "Yus, it is Apps agine, Mr. Walker. And wurry glad you are to see him, I've no daht."

"Always a pleasure to meet a gentleman like you," said Mr. Walker cheerfully, as he conducted him to the doorway. "I've wanted to run up against you before."

Much commotion in the ballroom at the diverting little scene. General agreement that Lady Staplehurst was a perfect genius at entertaining.

"But, loveliest girl," said the Gondolier, confidently, to Lady Staplehurst, "isn't this carrying a joke rather too far? That's a real detective."

"I know," said the loveliest girl, trembling now a little. "That's a real burglar, too."

"A real——"

"Yes, yes. Don't make a fuss. I don't want the dance spoilt. Take me down to supper, like a good fellow."

## FARMING BY ELECTRICITY.

IT is a fact openly commented upon by the Patent Office officers in Washington that much of the attention of inventors of late has been turned to the adaptation of electricity to farming.

The procuring of power is, after all, the principal obstacle in the way of electric farming. Remove it, and all the minor applications are easy enough.

There are several methods of obtaining this power within easy reach of every husbandman. The physical aspect of the country will, generally speaking, decide the method to be used in each locality.

As currents have already been sent 100 miles we can anticipate the spectacle of the future by supposing an immense power plant to exist in the centre of a farming community supplying current for every possible farm used and transmitting it to every plantation within a radius of this length. Under such a system a whole State could be supplied with current from a half dozen plants.

In fact it has been stated that the time is not far distant when farmers of a neighborhood will get together and harness the nearest available waterfall and use it at a minimum cost to supply them with electric light for their houses and power for their farms.

The beauty of the system consists in that the first cost is almost the whole cost, for with the modern flume system of installation the plant can be operated as easily in winter as in summer.

An artesian well may be made to produce enough electric power to operate every piece of machinery run on a farm.

There are 1,000 000 windmills in operation in this country at the present time. Every one of these mills can be adapted to the generation of electric power for farm purposes.

The practice is to operate a dynamo, the armature of which is turned by the mill. Storage batteries collect the current, and hold it in reserve during the days when there is little or no wind. It takes but little wind to generate a practicable electric current. A six-mile-an-hour-wind will easily drive a mill, and when a velocity of sixteen miles an hour is projected against a 16-foot mill it will produce a 1 h horse power constantly exerted.

It has often been suggested that the currents of rivers might be utilised for power purposes. This is already being done near Chicago This is another case wherein the farmer may be benefited by the adaptable quality of the modern system:

But having secured his electric current by one method or another, the farmer will want to know what to do with it. In the West electricity is operating a fifteen-blade gang plough, which will cut a furrow six feet wide.

The blades revolve and the plough is pulled across the field by means of a cable which passes around the drum of an electric motor on the plough.

In New York State there is a trolley plough in operation. Wires are stretched along the edge of the field and carry current to a cross wire, which, as in the case of the plough mentioned above, passes over the drum of a motor.

But in this case the motor is attached to the axle of the plough wheels, and turns the latter with its own power. Current in this case is transmitted overland for some distance from the power house

An electric plough has recently been tested near Chicago which will run in any direction and at any speed, irrespective of its surroundings. It consists of a two-wheel platform, a motor and a plough.

The wheels are iron frames, having sharp ridges at intervals so as to obtain a good purchase on the ground. There is a resistance box to regulate the amount of current and a reel carrying a coil of flexible wire much the same as is used for incandescent lighting, only larger.

The current was obtained from a nearby trolley line at the pressure of 500 volts. As the plough travels in any direction the reel unwinds the flexible cord, which is long enough to reach to any part of the field, or rewinds automatically when the machine approaches the point of current distribution. It ploughs more evenly than a hand worked machine and costs less to operate.

It can also be used in place of a traction engine for hauling machinery around the farm, and with a driving pulley attached to the axle it will drive a threshing machine.

The same principle has also been applied to harrows to seeders, and to harvesting machines. There is an electric reaper in operation on our Western wheat fields. Corn shellers also have been operated and propelled by the electric current.

So we may run down the list. There are electric hay lifts, electric tree fellers, electric fence makers, electric churns, electric spading machines, electric irrigators, electric stock food boilers, electric sheep shearers, etc.

There is a plan under way in one large abattoir to electrocute steers instead of killing them in the old-fashioned way.

There is an electric device intended to prevent horses from running away. There is an electric horseshoe. There are a thousand and one electric devices for farm use, and they may all be operated if sufficient current can be obtained.

The remaining phase of electric farming is that which covers the theory of the stimulation of plant growth by the use of electric light or by the direct application of the current.

The theory on the one hand is that the use of arc lamps in the market garden simply prolongs the day and keeps plants growing all the time, whereas if left to themselves they would rest, so to speak, each night.

The theory of the second part of the proposition is that the general plant growth is and always has been powerfully affected by the natural currents of the earth; that we can trace great failures or periods of great productiveness in crops to the absence of underground electric manifestations.

However this may be, it has certainly been found that plant growth is much stimulated by the use of the electric light.

All of these investigations are part of our natural progression, and the scattered elements of electric farming are sure to be rounded up and reduced to a well-moulded and practical basis before very long.

CHARITY cannot too deeply or too frequently call to mind how very difficult it is to be good or amiable, or even commonly agreeable, when one is inwardly miserable The fact is not enough recognised by those who take such a world of pains to make other people virtuous and so very little to make them happy. They sow good seed, are everlastingly weeding and watering, give it every care and advantage under the sun—except sunshine, and then they wonder that it does not flower.

# Humorous.

HE KNEW.

Tender words of love he said
To a sweet, coquettish maid.
To his question whispered low
Gave she a decided "No."

Did he weep and fade away?
No, not he; he came to stay.
For he knew she would confess
That a maiden's "No" means "Yes."

Sold by the choir—Music-paper.

Fastest train running—The train of thought.

It takes a pointed remark to penetrate some people's heads.

Adam wasn't a butcher, although he did deal in spare ribs.

Something nobody wants and nobody likes to lose—A lawsuit.

Jewelry should be cleaned, but it is not necessary to soak it.

The morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight brawler—The baby.

When a boy says "no" at the table it doesn't mean no; it means that he is trying to be polite.

He: There is one thing I like about you, Miss Daisy.

Miss Daisy: What is that?

He: My arm.

"Is a kiss a common or proper noun?" asked the teacher.

"Both," answered the girl with the coral lips.

Mrs. Rafferty: How is it, Mrs. Casey, yez alw'ys h' v sich bouncin' b'ys?

Mrs. Casey: Sure, de ould man has a job in de rubber factory.

"Does your wife believe in second sight?"

"I don't think she does. Anyway, she wouldn't let me go twice to see the living pictures."

Parson Oldgood: "So you are going to get married. Allow me to congratulate you. Matches are made in heaven."

"Y-e-s, but you see, this one was made at the seaside."

Wicks: I heard a pretty compliment to Hamlin, the actor, to-day. Squeezicks says he possesses the art which conceals art.

Hicks: That's a fact. You'd never know he had any.

Mrs. B.: Have you any near relatives, Norah?

Norah: Only an aunt, mum; an' she isn't what you might call near, for it's in the North of Ireland she lives, mum.

Mrs. A.: While I was at the shore I took a sun bath on the sand every day.

Mrs. B.: Mercy! I should think you would have got terribly tanned.

Mrs. A.: Oh, I always held a large umbrella over me.

Fair Medico: I have accepted Mr. Richleigh, mamma.

Mamma: But I thought you didn't care for him?

Fair medico: Neither do I; but I took a snap shot at his lungs and he can't possibly live more than five or six months.

"Your money or your life," he hissed.

The girl who was taking advantage of the gloaming to mount her bicycle, frowned.

"Sir," she answered, with a trace of irritation in her manner, "if I felt that it were necessary for me to be held up, I should employ a regular instructor. Good evening."

"Can you tell me the names of the railroad lines in Texas?" asked a Dallas teacher of a pupil who was the son of a member of the Legislature.

"I dunno," was the reply.

"On what does your father travel when he goes from here to attend sessions of the Legislature?"

"On a free pass."

Home-seeker: Seems to me this house isn't very well built. The floor shakes when we walk.

Agent: Um—y-e-s; that's the new kind of spring floor for dancing, you know.

Home-seeker: And these stairs creak terribly.

Agent: Y-e-s; we furnish this new burglar patent alarm stairway without extra charge.

Gape Snodgrass recently applied to the Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter, of the Blue Light Tabernacle, for some pecuniary assistance.

"I jes kain' do hit," replied Parson Baxter; "I has ter s'port my pore mudder."

"But yer pore ole mudder says yer don's do nuffin' fer her."

"Well, den, ef I don' do nuffin' for my pore ole mudder, whut's de use ob an outsider like you tryin' ter make me shell out?"

The long-haired professional piano-pounder was giving the "Battle of Prague" to a select audience. A musical enthusiast among his hearers cried:

"Oh, how natural! Listen to the thunder of the artillery! Now you hear the rattle of the small arms and the groans of the wounded. Now the victorious soldiers are plundering the city."

"I only hope they will carry off the piano!" was the remark of the man sitting next to the instrument.

## AMONG THE CHOCTAWS.

The two thousand Choctaws still living in their ancestral homes in Mississippi retain, in their pristine vigor, many of the usages of their ancestors. Among these are the methods employed in conducting a courtship and the marriage ceremony.

When a young Choctaw, of Kemper or Neshoba county, sees a maiden who pleases his fancy, he watches his opportunity until he finds her alone.

He then approaches within a few yards of her, and gently casts a pebble toward her, so that it may fall at her feet. He may have to do this two or three times before he attracts the maiden's attention.

If this pebble throwing is agreeable, she soon makes it manifest; if otherwise, a scornful look and a decided "ekwah" indicate that his suit is in vain.

Sometimes, instead of throwing pebbles, the suitor enters the woman's cabin and lays his hat or handkerchief on her bed. This action is interpreted as a desire on his part that she should be the sharer of his couch.

If the man's suit is acceptable, the woman permits the hat to remain; but if she is unwilling to become his bride, it is removed instantly.

The rejected suitor, in either method employed, knows that it is useless to press his suit, and beats as graceful a retreat as possible.

When a marriage is agreed upon, the lovers appoint a time and place for the ceremony. On the marriage day the friends and relatives of the prospective couple meet at their respective houses or villages, and thence march toward each other.

When they arrive near the marriage ground—generally an intermediate space between the two villages—they halt within about a hundred yards of each other. The brothers of the woman then go across to the opposite party and bring forward the man and seat him on a blanket spread upon the marriage ground.

The man's sisters then do likewise by going over and bringing forward the woman and seating her by the side of the man.

Sometimes, to furnish a little merriment for the occasion, the woman is expected to break loose and run. Of course she is pursued, captured, and brought back.

All parties now assemble around the expectant couple. A bag of bread is brought forward by the woman's relatives and deposited near her. In like manner the man's relatives bring forward a bag of meat and deposit it near him.

These bags of provisions are lingering symbols of the primitive days when the man was the hunter to provide the household with game, and the woman was to raise corn for the bread and hominy.

The man's friends and relatives now begin to throw presents upon the head and shoulders of the woman. These presents are of any kind that the doners choose to give, as articles of clothing, money, trinkets, ribbons, etc.

As soon as thrown they are quickly snatched off by the woman's relatives and distributed among themselves. During all this time the couple sit very quietly and demurely, not a word spoken by either.

When all the presents have been thrown and distributed, the couple, now man and wife, arise, and provisions from the bags are spread, and, just as in civilized life, the ceremony is rounded off with a festival, which over, the company disperse, and the gallant groom conducts his bride to his home, where they enter upon the toils and responsibilities of the future.

AT THE BANK.—Every day the Bank of England issues an average of 60,000 fresh notes, none of which, should they be again deposited in the Bank, are issued a second time.

If a man should draw out a dozen notes and, walking across the floor, deposit them again, they would be instantly cancelled.

It is one of the rules of the Bank that every note shall be received and cashed, no matter what its age.

One note is shown which was 111 years out before it came back to the Bank. Another rule is that every note offered for payment shall be redeemed, even should it be known to have been stolen. This point was finally settled some years ago.

A clerk in London robbed his employer of $100,000 in notes on the Bank of England. He fled to Amsterdam and there gave the notes to a broker, who was an accomplice.

This man, in spite of the fact that the theft and the number of the notes had been widely published, appeared at the Bank and demanded payment.

It was refused, when he declared the Bank to be insolvent, as it had broken its ancient rule. He was bidden to come back to the cashier's office, where his claim and the question of the veracity of the Bank were settled for all time.

At another time one of the directors deposited $150,000, taking out that amount in a single note. He went home, laid the note on the mantleshelf, and went to bed.

In the morning the note was gone. He made an affidavit that he believed it to be burned, promising, provided the Bank would pay it to him again, to refund the money if ever the note was found. He received the amount again.

Thirty years later the note, which had been stolen, was presented for payment, and was paid, the man who had drawn it from the Bank having died in the meantime.

The Bank lost $150,000 rather than refuse to redeem its pledge.

A DANGEROUS VIEW OF LIFE.—We are constantly confronted with the fact that neither material advantages nor intelligence nor education nor even a good moral record are proof against disloyalty to life. Many causes are adduced, grief, shame, remorse, despair being among the most numerous.

But perhaps the foundation cause, which underlies all others, may be said to be the common habit of thinking that life is to be valued only for the happiness it yields. Many people grow up with the idea that, if personal life be not personally happy, it is useless.

Thus, when they come to some epoch, when sorrow triumphs over joy, failure over success, pain over pleasure, life loses all meaning to them, and is easily parted from.

This view of life is essentially untrue and most injurious.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 9.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11 00 a m, 12.45, (dining car), 1.30, 3.05, 4.00, 4.02, 5.10, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—7.10, 8.30, 9.30, 10.10, 11.50 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.55, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.1 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 7.50, 10.00, 10.32, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 3.08, 4.10, 6.12, 8.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 10.32, a m, 12.14 (dining car), 4.10, 6.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 8.15 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.34, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.24, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.13, 4.20, 6.34, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.51, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.20, 11.35 a m, 6.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.20 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m. Accom., 6.15.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, Saturdays only 2.30, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 8.00, 10.45 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 am Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, 7.10 a m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 8.15, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30, 7.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.35 a m, 4.3 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.30, 7.00, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m. $1.00 Excursion train (from foot Mississippi avenue only), 6.10 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.
Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.
Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 3.40 p m.
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